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THE WORKS OF LAURENCE STERNE

EDITED BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. III.

TRISTRAM SHANDY

VOL. III.

"She took them from her curls, and put them gravely into my hat."

THE LIFE & OPINIONS of TRISTRAM SHANDY

Gentleman. By

LAURENCE STERNE

Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY
with
Illustrations by E. J. WHEELER

In three Volumes.
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THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

BOOK VI.—*continued.*

Chapter xiij.

LE FEVER got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade*; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after; he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at *Marseilles*, from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;——and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about six weeks before *Susannah's* accident, *Le Fever* was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle *Toby's* mind all the

time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a description of what kind of a person he would chuse for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forebore mentioning *Le Fever's* name, ——till the character, by *Yorick's* interposition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of *Le Fever*, and his interest, upon my uncle *Toby* so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands——I beg, brother *Shandy*, said my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor *Le Fever's* son to you—— I beseech you do, added *Yorick*——He has a good heart, said my uncle *Toby*——And a brave one too, an' please your honour, said the corporal.

——The best hearts, *Trim*, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle *Toby*.——And the greatest cowards, an' please your honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it.——There was serjeant *Kumber*, and ensign——

——We'll talk of them, said my father, another time.

Chapter xiv.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lies!

Doctor *Slop*, like a son of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himself,—debased me to death,—and made ten thousand times more of *Susannah's* accident, than there was any grounds for; so that in a

week's time, or less, it was in every body's mouth, *That poor Master Shandy* * * * * * * * * * * * * entirely.— And FAME, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had sworn, positively she saw it,—and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evidence—— "That the nursery window had not only * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * ;——but that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * 's also."

Could the world have been sued like a BODY-CORPORATE,—my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently; but to fall foul of individuals about it——as every soul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greatest pity imaginable;——'twas like flying in the very face of his best friends:——And yet to acquiesce under the report, in silence—was to acknowledge it openly,—at least in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a bustle again, in contradicting it,—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.——

——Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman so hampered? said my father.

I would shew him publickly, said my uncle *Toby*, at the market cross.

——'Twill have no effect, said my father.

Chapter xv.

——I'll put him, however, into breeches, said my father,—let the world say what it will.

Chapter xvi.

THERE are a thousand resolutions, Sir, both in church and state, as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern;—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a hasty, hare-brained, and unadvised manner, were, notwithstanding this (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, we should have found it was so), weighed, poized, and perpended——argued upon——canvassed through——entered into, and examined on all sides with so much coolness, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herself (I do not take upon me to prove her existence) could neither have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution of putting me into breeches; which, though determined at once,—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheless, been *pro'd* and *conn'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two several *beds of justice*, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the nature of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themselves, this affair of the breeches,—from which you may form an idea, how they debated all lesser matters.

Chapter xvii.

THE ancient *Goths* of *Germany*, who (the learned *Cluverius* is positive) were first seated in the country between the *Vistula* and the *Oder*, and who afterwards incorporated the *Herculi*, the *Bugians*, and some other *Vandallick* clans to 'em—had all of them a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once sober:——Drunk—that their councils might not want vigour;——and sober—that they might not want discretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-drinker,—was a long time gravelled almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing which the ancients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose;——and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family, which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in its determination,——he fixed and set apart the first *Sunday* night in the month, and the *Saturday* night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed, with my mother: By which contrivance, if you consider, Sir, with yourself,

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These my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice*;——for from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out which touched the point of wisdom as well, as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

You are very short, Mr *Shandy*,—said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's,—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

——When he gets these breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

He will be very awkward in them at first, replied my mother.——

——And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.——

Exactly, said my mother.———

——Though I shall be sorry for that, added my father: and so the debate stopp'd again.

——They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again.—

They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.———

He cannot, said my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.———

——Except dimity,—replied my father:——'Tis best of all,—replied my mother.

——One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, said my mother:——and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, he shall have no pockets in them.——

——There is no occasion for any, said my mother.———

I mean in his coat and waistcoat,—cried my father.

——I mean so too,—replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or top——Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.———

Order it as you please, Mr *Shandy*, replied my mother.———

——But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her.

Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr *Shandy*.———

——There's for you! cried my father, losing temper ——Pleases me!——You never will distinguish, Mrs *Shandy*, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.——This was on the *Sunday* night:——and further this chapter sayeth not.

Chapter xix.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he consulted *Albertus Rubenius* upon it; and *Albertus Rubenius* used my father ten times worse in the consultation (if possible) than even my father had used my mother: For as *Rubenius* had wrote a quarto *express*, *De re Vestiaria Veterum*,—it was *Rubenius's* business to have given my father some lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the seven cardinal virtues out of a long beard,—as of extracting a single word out of *Rubenius* upon the subject.

Upon every other article of ancient dress, *Rubenius*

—others only the colour of it:—That the great *Bayfius*, in his Wardrobe of the Ancients, chap. 12—honestly said, he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a stud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or clasps and keepers.———

——My father lost the horse, but not the saddle ——They are *hooks and eyes*, said my father——and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

Chapter xx.

WE are now going to enter upon a new scene of events.———

——Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father standing over him with his cane, reading him as he sat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the precise part of the waistband, where he was determined to have it sewed on.——

Leave we my mother—(truest of all the *Poco-curantes* of her sex!)—careless about it, as about every thing else in the world which concerned her;—that is, —indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.——

Leave we *Slop* likewise to the full profits of all my dishonours.———

Leave we poor *Le Fever* to recover, and get home from *Marseilles* as he can.——And last of all,—because the hardest of all——

Let us leave, if possible, *myself*:——But 'tis impossible,—I must go along with you to the end of the work.

Chapter xxi.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and the half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle *Toby's* kitchen-garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours,—the fault is not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great transactions of future times,—and recollected for what purposes this little plot, by a decree fast bound down in iron, had been destined,—she gave a nod to NATURE,—'twas enough—Nature threw half a spade full of her kindliest compost upon it, with just so *much* clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings,—and so *little* of it too, as not to cling to the spade, and render works of so much glory, nasty in foul weather.

My uncle *Toby* came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in *Italy* and *Flanders*; so let the Duke of *Marlborough*, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle *Toby* was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this; as soon as ever a town was invested—(but sooner when the design was known) to take the plan of it (let it be what town it would), and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large role of packthread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths

and slopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c. —he set the corporal to work——and sweetly went it on:——The nature of the soil,—the nature of the work itself,—and above all, the good-nature of my uncle *Toby* sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon past-done deeds, —left LABOUR little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence,—it was invested,— and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their first parallel.——I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, *That the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a single inch for it;*———for my uncle *Toby* took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reason generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle *Toby's* and the corporal's campaigns, of which, this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no guessing) ——The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work——surely they had better be printed apart,——we'll consider the affair——so take the following sketch of them in the mean time.

Chapter xvii.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finished, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their first parallel——not at random, or any how——but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my uncle *Toby* received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole siege, step by step with the allies.

When the duke of *Marlborough* made a lodgment, ——my uncle *Toby* made a lodgment too,——And when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and so on;——gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others,—there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than, on a post-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the duke of *Marlborough*, in the main body of the place,—to have stood behind the horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle *Toby*, with *Trim* behind him, sallied forth;——the one with the *Gazette* in his hand,—the other with a spade on his shoulder to execute the contents.——What an honest triumph in my uncle *Toby's* looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest, peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow.——But when the *chamade* was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts

—Heaven! Earth! Sea!——but what avails apostrophes?——with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the *Flanders* mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still 'twas the torture of the happy——In this track, I say, did my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related.

In the second year, in which my uncle *Toby* took *Liege* and *Ruremond*, he thought he might afford the expence of four handsome draw-bridges, of two of which I have given an exact description in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with portcullises:——These last were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the same year, my uncle *Toby*, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at *Christmas*, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

——The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the

ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle *Toby* to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to *Yorick*, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing, except his brother *Toby*, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which *Lewis* XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field——But 'tis not my brother *Toby's* nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

——But let us go on.

Chapter xviij.

I MUST observe, that although in the first year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle *Toby's* campaigns,—when upon his taking *Amberg*, *Bonn*, and *Rhinberg*, and *Huy* and *Limbourg*, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking so many towns, *without one* TOWN *to shew for it*,—was a very nonsensical way of going to work, and so proposed to my uncle *Toby*, that they should have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to serve for all.

My uncle *Toby* felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud as if he had been the original inventor of the project itself.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the style of those of which it was most likely to be the representative:——with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houses, facing the streets, &c. &c.—as those in *Ghent* and *Bruges*, and the rest of the towns in *Brabant* and *Flanders*.

The other was, not to have the houses run up together, as the corporal proposed, but to have every house independent, to hook on, or off, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle *Toby* and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

——It answered prodigiously the next summer——the town was a perfect *Proteus*——It was *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Santvliet*, and *Drusen*, and *Hagenau*,—and then it was *Ostend* and *Menin*, and *Aeth* and *Dendermond*.

——Surely never did any TOWN act so many parts, since *Sodom* and *Gomorah*, as my uncle *Toby's* town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle *Toby* thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple.——*Trim* was for having bells in it;——my uncle *Toby* said, the metal had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen brass field-pieces, to be planted three and three on each side of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box; and in a short time, these led the way for a train of somewhat larger,—and so on—(as must always be the case in hobby-horsical affairs) from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in which *Lisle* was besieged, and at the close of which both *Ghent* and *Bruges* fell into our hands,—my uncle *Toby* was sadly

put to it for *proper* ammunition;——I say proper ammunition——because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the *Shandy* family they would not——For so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firings kept up by the besiegers,——and so heated was my uncle *Toby's* imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.

SOMETHING therefore was wanting as a *succedaneum*, especially in one or two of the more violent paroxysms of the siege, to keep up something like a continual firing in the imagination,——and this *something*, the corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great *desiderata* of my uncle *Toby's* apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse, for setting off, as I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

Chapter xxiv.

WITH two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor *Tom*, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with the account of his marriage with the *Jew's* widow——there was

A *Montero*-cap and two *Turkish* tobacco-pipes.

The *Montero*-cap I shall describe by and bye.——The *Turkish* tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them, they were fitted up and ornamented as usual, with flexible tubes of *Morocco* leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with silver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different from the rest of the world, would say to the corporal, that he ought to look upon these two presents more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.—— *Tom* did not care, *Trim*, he would say, to put on the cap, or to smoke in the tobacco-pipe of a *Jew*.—— God bless your honour, the corporal would say, (giving a strong reason to the contrary)—how can that be?

The Montero-cap was scarlet, of a superfine *Spanish* cloth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, slightly embroidered,—and seemed to have been the property of a *Portuguese* quartermaster, not of foot, but of horse, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own sake, as the sake of the giver, so seldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to so many uses; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was sure he was in the right,—it was either his *oath*,—his *wager*,—or his *gift*.

——'Twas his gift in the present case.

I'll be bound, said the corporal, speaking to himself, to *give* away my Montero-cap to the first beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's satisfaction.

The completion was no further off, than the very next morning; which was that of the storm of the counterscarp betwixt the *Lower Deule*, to the right, and the gate St *Andrew*,—and on the left, between St *Magdalen's* and the river.

As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war,—the most gallant and obstinate on both sides,—and I must add the most bloody too, for it cost the allies themselves that morning above eleven hundred

men,—my uncle *Toby* prepared himself for it with a more than ordinary solemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle *Toby* went to bed, he ordered his ramallie wig, which had laid inside out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which stood by his bedside, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very first thing he did in his shirt, when he had stepped out of bed, my uncle *Toby*, after he had turned the rough side outwards,—put it on:——This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waistband, he forthwith buckled on his sword-belt, and had got his sword half way in,—when he considered he should want shaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his sword on,—so took it off:——In assaying to put on his regimental coat and waistcoat, my uncle *Toby* found the same objection in his wig,—so that went off too:—So that what with one thing and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the most haste,—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his usual time, before my uncle *Toby* sallied out.

Chapter xxv.

MY uncle *Toby* had scarce turned the corner of his yew hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had begun the attack without him.

Let me stop and give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himself in the heat of his attack, just as it struck my uncle *Toby*, as he came towards the sentry-box, where the corporal was at work,——for in nature there is not such a

nor can any combination of all that is grotesque and whimsical in her works produce its equal.

The corporal———

——Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, ——for he was your kinsman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—Oh corporal! had I thee, but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou should'st wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it:——But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley!*

——But what——what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings;——where, I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;——where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them——When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,——O *Toby!* in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?

——Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue

of the stammerer speak plain——when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

Chapter xxvi.

THE corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind to supply the grand *desideratum*, of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my uncle *Toby's* six field-pieces, which were planted on each side of his sentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the same time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he soon began to find out, that by means of his two *Turkish* tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of three smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the same number of tin-pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the *Morocco* tube,—he should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one.———

——Let no man say from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man, who has read my father's first and second *beds of justice*, ever rise up and say again, from collision of what kinds of bodies light may or may not be struck out, to carry the arts and sciences up to perfection.——Heaven! thou knowest how I love them;——thou knowest the secrets of my heart,

and that I would this moment give my shirt——Thou art a fool, *Shandy*, says *Eugenius*, for thou hast but a dozen in the world,—and 'twill break thy set.——

No matter for that, *Eugenius;* I would give the shirt off my back to be burned into tinder, were it only to satisfy one feverish enquirer, how many sparks at one good stroke, a good flint and steel could strike into the tail of it.——Think ye not that in striking these *in*, —he might, peradventure, strike something *out?* as sure as a gun.——

——But this project, by the bye.

The corporal sat up the best part of the night, in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

Chapter xxvij.

THE corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my uncle *Toby*, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my uncle *Toby* came.

He had drawn the six field-pieces for this end, all close up together in front of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the sake possibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the sentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wisely taken his post:——He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand,—and

the ebony pipe tipp'd with silver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other——and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiously playing off his two cross batteries at the same time against the counter-guard, which faced the counter-scarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intention, as I said, was no more than giving the enemy a single puff or two;—but the pleasure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had insensibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle *Toby* joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my uncle *Toby* had not his will to make that day.

Chapter xxviii.

MY uncle *Toby* took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In less than two minutes, my uncle *Toby* took the pipe from the corporal again, and raised it half way to his mouth——then hastily gave it back a second time.

The corporal redoubled the attack,——my uncle *Toby* smiled,——then looked grave,——then smiled for a moment,——then looked serious for a long time;——Give me hold of the ivory pipe, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*——my uncle *Toby* put it to his lips,——drew it back directly,——gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge;——never did my uncle *Toby's* mouth water so much for a pipe in his life.——My uncle

Toby retired into the sentry-box with the pipe in his hand.———

——Dear uncle *Toby!* don't go into the sentry-box with the pipe,—there's no trusting a man's self with such a thing in such a corner.

Chapter xxix.

I BEG the reader will assist me here, to wheel off my uncle *Toby's* ordnance behind the scenes,—— to remove his sentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if possible*, of horn-works and half moons, and get the rest of his military apparatus out of the way;——that done, my dear friend *Garrick*, we'll snuff the candles bright, —sweep the stage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle *Toby* dressed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be a-kin to love, —and bravery no alien to it, you have seen enough of my uncle *Toby* in these, to trace these family likenesses, betwixt the two passions (in case there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain science! thou assistest us in no case of this kind—and thou puzzlest us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle *Toby*, a singleness of heart which misled him so far out of the little serpentine tracks in which things of this nature usually go on; you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainness and simplicity of thinking, with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;——and so naked and defenceless did he stand before you, (when a siege was out of his head,) that you might have stood behind any one of your serpentine walks, and shot my

uncle *Toby* ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not served your purpose.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle *Toby* had that unparalleled modesty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the bye, stood eternal sentry upon his feelings, that you might as soon——But where am I going? these reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at least too soon, and take up that time, which I ought to bestow upon facts.

Chapter xxx.

OF the few legitimate sons of *Adam* whose breasts never felt what the sting of love was,—(maintaining first, all mysogynists to be bastards)—the greatest heroes of ancient and modern story have carried off amongst them nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wish for their sakes I had the key of my study, out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—so be content to accept of these, for the present, in their stead.———

There was the great king *Aldrovandus*, and *Bosphorus*, and *Cappadocius*, and *Dardanus*, and *Pontus*, and *Asius*,——to say nothing of the iron-hearted *Charles* the XIIth, whom the Countess of K***** herself could make nothing of.——There was *Babylonicus*, and *Mediterraneus*, and *Polixenes*, and *Persicus*, and *Prusicus*, not one of whom (except *Cappadocius* and *Pontus*, who were both a little suspected) ever once bowed down his breast to the goddess——The truth is, they had all of them something else to do—and so had my uncle *Toby*—till Fate—till Fate I say, envying his name the glory of being handed down to posterity

with *Aldrovandus's* and the rest,—she basely patched up the peace of *Utrecht*.

——Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worst deed she did that year.

Chapter xxxi.

AMONGST the many ill consequences of the treaty of *Utrecht*, it was within a point of giving my uncle *Toby* a surfeit of sieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet *Calais* itself left not a deeper scar in *Mary's* heart, than *Utrecht* upon my uncle *Toby's*. To the end of his life he never could hear *Utrecht* mentioned upon any account whatever,—or so much as read an article of news extracted out of the *Utrecht Gazette*, without fetching a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and consequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourself—would always console my uncle *Toby* upon these occasions, in a way, which shewed plainly, he imagined my uncle *Toby* grieved for nothing in the whole affair, so much as the loss of his *hobby-horse*.——Never mind, brother *Toby*, he would say,—by God's blessing we shall have another war break out again some of these days; and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play.——I defy 'em, my dear *Toby*, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,——or towns without sieges.

My uncle *Toby* never took this back-stroke of my father's at his hobby-horse kindly.——He thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more so, because in striking

the horse he hit the rider too, and in the most dishonourable part a blow could fall; so that upon these occasions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himself than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle *Toby* was not eloquent; and in the very same page gave an instance to the contrary:——I repeat the observation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not easy to my uncle *Toby* to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occasions where the stream overflowed the man, and ran so counter to its usual course, that in some parts my uncle *Toby*, for a time, was at least equal to *Tertullus*——but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was so highly pleased with one of these apologetical orations of my uncle *Toby's*, which he had delivered one evening before him and *Yorick*, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongst my father's papers, with here and there an insertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is endorsed,

MY BROTHER TOBY'S JUSTIFICATION OF HIS OWN PRINCIPLES AND CONDUCT IN WISHING TO CONTINUE THE WAR.

I may safely say, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle *Toby's* a hundred times, and think it so fine a model of defence,—and shews so sweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all), as I find it.

Chapter xxxii.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION.

I AM not insensible, brother *Shandy*, that when a man whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world; ——and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be without being a jot the less brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy; for say what he will, an enemy will not believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem:——But if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arms must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are: What, I *hope*, I have been in all these, brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to say: ——much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think: But such as I am, you, my dear brother *Shandy*, who have sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it——Such as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether of my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of *Utrecht*, and grieved the war was not carried on with

vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow-creatures slain,—more slaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure:——Tell me, brother *Shandy*, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it? [*The devil a deed do I know of, dear* Toby, *but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on these cursed sieges.*]

If, when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?——Did I plant the propensity there?——Did I sound the alarm within, or Nature?

When *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, and *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, and *Valentine* and *Orson*, and the *Seven Champions of England*, were handed around the school, —were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money? Was that selfish, brother *Shandy?* When we read over the siege of *Troy*, which lasted ten years and eight months,——though with such a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the destruction of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole school? Had I not three strokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for *Hector?* And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.———

——Did that bespeak me cruel? Or because, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather

laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.——[*Who told thee, my dear* Toby, *that cypress was used by the antients on mournful occasions?*]

——'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:——'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—To stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:——'Tis one thing, I say, brother *Shandy*, to do this,—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war;—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for sixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in *Le Fever's* funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?*——But why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE—that he is so by NECESSITY? ——For what is war? what is it, *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*——what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witness, brother *Shandy*, that the pleasure I have taken in these things, —and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has arose within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying them on, we were answering the great ends of our creation.

Chapter xxxiij.

I TOLD the Christian reader——I say *Christian* ——hoping he is one——and if he is not, I am sorry for it——and only beg he will consider the matter with himself, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book——

I told him, Sir——for in good truth, when a man is telling a story in the strange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy—— which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at first, there is so much unfixed and equivocal matter starting up, with so many breaks and gaps in it,—and so little service do the stars afford, which, nevertheless, I hang up in some of the darkest passages, knowing that the world is apt to lose its way, with all the lights the sun itself at noon-day can give it ——and now you see, I am lost myself!———

——But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be dissected, you will perceive, without spectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you sometimes see in an unsaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and so untowardly, you cannot so much as cut out a * *, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)——or a fillet, or a thumb-stall, but it is seen or felt.———

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, sayeth *Cardan*. All which being considered, and that you see 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I set out———

I begin the chapter over again.

Chapter xxiv.

I TOLD the Christian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle *Toby's* apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I should make use of now, That the peace of *Utrecht* was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horse, as it did betwixt the queen and the rest of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man sometimes dismounts his horse, which as good as says to him, "I'll go afoot, Sir, all the days of my life, before I would ride a single mile upon your back again." Now my uncle *Toby* could not be said to dismount his horse in this manner; for in strictness of language, he could not be said to dismount his horse at all——his horse rather flung him——and somewhat *viciously*, which made my uncle *Toby* take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be settled by state-jockies as they like.——It created, I say, a sort of shyness betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horse.——He had no occasion for him from the month of *March* to *November*, which was the summer after the articles were signed, except it was now and then to take a short ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbour of *Dunkirk* were demolished, according to stipulation.

The *French* were so backwards all that summer in setting about that affair, and Monsieur *Tugghe*, the Deputy from the magistrates of *Dunkirk*, presented so many affecting petitions to the queen,—beseeching her majesty to cause only her thunder-bolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her displeasure,—but to spare—to spare the mole, for the mole's sake; which, in its naked situation, could be no

more than an object of pity——and the queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition,—and her ministers also, they not wishing in their hearts to have the town dismantled, for these private reasons, *
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* * * * * *——
* * * * * * * *
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* * * ; so that the whole went heavily on with my uncle *Toby;* insomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be destroyed, that the several commandants, commissaries, deputies, negociators, and intendants, would permit him to set about it.——Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town——No,—that will never do, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, for in going that way to work with the town, the *English* garrison will not be safe in it an hour; because if the French are treacherous——They are as treacherous as devils, an' please your honour, said the corporal——It gives me concern always when I hear it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*,—for they don't want personal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please:——Let them enter it, said the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,—let them enter, an' please your honour, if they dare.——In cases like this, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, slipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wise with his fore-finger extended,——'tis no part of the consideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare, —or what they dare not do; he must act with

blisters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em at once, would draw a man as surely to his grave, as a herse and six—rashly concluded, that the Devil himself was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *Canthari[di]s.*———

I have nothing to say to people who allow themselves this monstrous liberty in arguing, but what *Nazianzen* cried out (*that is, polemically*) to *Philagrius*——

"Ευγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reasoning, Sir, indeed!* —"ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Παθεσι"—*and most nobly do you aim at truth, when you philosophize about it in your moods and passions.*

Nor is it to be imagined, for the same reason, I should stop to inquire, whether love is a disease,—— or embroil myself with *Rhasis* and *Dioscorides*, whether the seat of it is in the brain or liver;—because this would lead me on, to an examination of the two very opposite manners, in which patients have been treated ——the one, of *Aætius*, who always begun with a cooling clyster of hempseed and bruised cucumbers;— and followed on with thin potations of water-lillies and purslane—to which he added a pinch of snuff, of the herb *Hanea*;—and where *Aætius* durst venture it,— his topaz-ring.

——The other, that of *Gordonius*, who (in his cap. 15. *de Amore*) directs they should be thrashed, "*ad putorem usque*,"——till they stink again.

These are disquisitions, which my father, who had laid in a great stock of knowledge of this kind, will be very busy with in the progress of my uncle *Toby's* affairs: I must anticipate thus much, That from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle *Toby's* mind, almost as much as his amours themselves)—he took a single step into practice;—and by means of a camphorated cerecloth, which he found

means to impose upon the taylor for buckram, whilst he was making my uncle *Toby* a new pair of breeches, he produced *Gordonius's* effect upon my uncle *Toby* without the disgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this——That whatever effect it had upon my uncle *Toby*,——it had a vile effect upon the house; ——and if my uncle *Toby* had not smoaked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

Chapter xxxvij.

——'TWILL come out of itself by and bye.—— All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to set out with a definition of what love is; and so long as I can go on with my story intelligibly, with the help of the word itself, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the rest of the world, why should I differ from it a moment before the time?——When I can get on no further,——and find myself entangled on all sides of this mystic labyrinth, —my Opinion will then come in, in course,—and lead me out.

At present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader, my uncle *Toby fell in love:*

—Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for to say a man is *fallen* in love,—or that he is *deeply* in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and sometimes even *over head and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man:—this is recurring again to *Plato's* opinion, which, with all his divinityship,—I hold to be damnable and heretical:— and so much for that.

Let love therefore be what it will,—my uncle *Toby* fell into it.

——And possibly, gentle reader, with such a temptation—so wouldst thou: For never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet any thing in this world, more concupiscible than widow *Wadman*.

Chapter xxviij.

TO conceive this right,—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.——Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind——as like your mistress as you can——as unlike your wife as your conscience will let you—'tis all one to me——please but your own fancy in it.

———Was ever any thing in Nature so sweet!—so exquisite!

——Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle *Toby* resist it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at least, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot misrepresent.

Chapter xxix.

AS *Susannah* was informed by an express from Mrs *Bridget*, of my uncle *Toby's* falling in love with her mistress fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which express, *Susannah* communicated to my mother the next day,—it has just given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle *Toby's* amours a fortnight before their existence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr *Shandy*, quoth my mother, which will surprise you greatly.——

Now my father was then holding one of his second beds of justice, and was musing within himself about the hardships of matrimony, as my mother broke silence.———

"——My brother *Toby*, quoth she, is going to be married to Mrs *Wadman*."

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again as long as he lives.

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that my mother never asked the meaning of a thing she did not understand.

——That she is not a woman of science, my father would say—is her misfortune—but she might ask a question.—

My mother never did.——In short, she went out of

the world at last without knowing whether it turned *round*, or stood *still*.——My father had officiously told her above a thousand times which way it was,—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much further betwixt them, than a proposition,—a reply, and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes (as in the affair of the breeches), and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worse for us,—quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-stone, said my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing else.

——To be sure, said my mother: so here ended the proposition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

It will be some amusement to him, too,——said my father.

A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children.——

——Lord have mercy upon me,—said my father to himself—— * * * * * * * *
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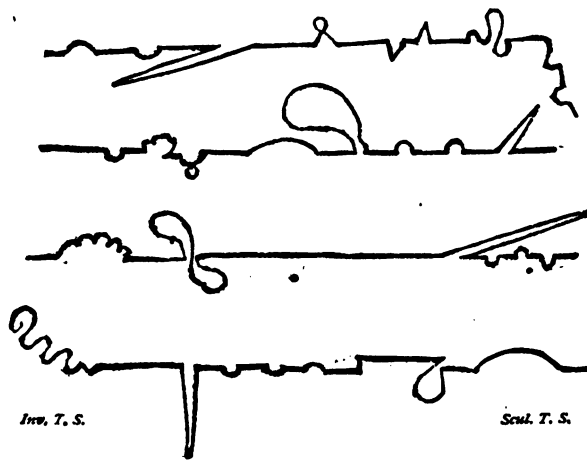
Chapter xl.

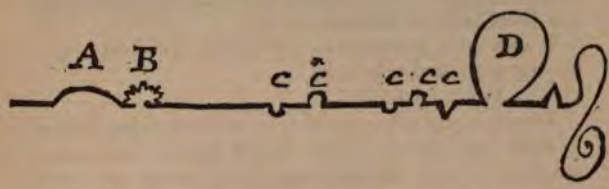
I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold seeds, I make no doubt but I shall be able to go on with my uncle *Toby's* story, and my own, in a tolerable strait line. Now,



These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes.*—In the fifth

* Alluding to the first edition.

volume I have been very good,——the precise line I have described in it being this:



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A, where I took a trip to *Navarre*,—and the indented curve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the Lady *Baussiere* and her page,—I have not taken the least frisk of a digression, till *John de la Casse's* devils led me the round you see marked D.—for as for *c c c c c* they are nothing but parentheses, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done,—or with my own transgressions at the letters A B D—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume I have done better still—for from the end of *Le Fever's* episode, to the beginning of my uncle *Toby's* campaigns,—I have scarce stepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible——by the good leave of his grace of *Benevento's* devils——but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:

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which is a line drawn as straight as I could draw it, by a writing-master's ruler (borrowed for that purpose), turning neither to the right hand or to the left.

This *right line*, — the path-way for Christians to walk in! say divines——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! says *Cicero*——

——The *best line!* say cabbage planters——is the shortest line, says *Archimedes*, which can be drawn from one given point to another.——

I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart, in your next birth-day suits!

——What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines——by what mistake——who told them so——or how it has come to pass, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line, with the line of GRAVITATION?

BOOK VII.

Chapter i.

NO——I think, I said, I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place—(but where, I can't recollect now) speaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down cross-wise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I swore it should be kept a going at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the fountain of life to bless me so long with health and good spirits.

Now as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations) that on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burthens of it (except its cares) upon my back; in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himself knocked at my door—ye

bad him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference, did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission——

"—There must certainly be some mistake in this matter," quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse, than to be interrupted in a story——and I was that moment telling *Eugenius* a most tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish, and of a monk damn'd for eating a muscle, and was shewing him the grounds and justice of the procedure——

"—Did ever so grave a personage get into so vile a scrape?" quoth Death. Thou hast had a narrow escape, *Tristram*, said *Eugenius*, taking hold of my hand as I finished my story——

But there is no *living*, *Eugenius*, replied I, at this rate; for as this *son of a whore* has found out my lodgings——

—You call him rightly, said *Eugenius*,—for by sin, we are told, he enter'd the world——I care not which way he enter'd, quoth I, provided he be not in such a hurry to take me out with him—for I have forty volumes to write, and forty thousand things to say and do which no body in the world will say and do for me, except thyself; and as thou seest he has got me by the throat (for *Eugenius* could scarce hear me speak across the table), and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scatter'd spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine (holding one of them up to him) are able to support me—had I not better, *Eugenius*, fly for my life? 'Tis my advice, my dear *Tristram*, said *Eugenius*—Then by heaven! I will lead him a dance he little thinks of——for I will gallop, quoth I, without looking once behind me, to the banks of the *Garonne*; and if I hear him clattering at my heels ——I'll scamper away to mount *Vesuvius*——from

thence to *Joppa*, and from *Joppa* to the world's end; where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck——

—He runs more risk *there*, said *Eugenius*, than thou.

Eugenius's wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banish'd ——'twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaise——*Allons!* said I; the postboy gave a crack with his whip——off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into *Dover*.

Chapter ij.

NOW hang it! quoth I, as I look'd towards the *French* coast—a man should know something of his own country too, before he goes abroad ——and I never gave a peep into *Rochester* church, or took notice of the dock of *Chatham*, or visited St *Thomas* at *Canterbury*, though they all three laid in my way——

—But mine, indeed, is a particular case——

So without arguing the matter further with *Thomas o' Becket*, or any one else—I skip'd into the boat, and in five minutes we got under sail, and scudded away like the wind.

Pray, captain, quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, is a man never overtaken by *Death* in this passage?

Why, there is not time for a man to be sick in it, replied he——What a cursed lyar! for I am sick as a horse, quoth I, already——what a brain!——upside down!——hey-day! the cells are broke loose one into another, and the blood, and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fix'd and volatile salts, are all jumbled into one mass——good G——! every thing

turns round in it like a thousand whirlpools——I'd give a shilling to know if I shan't write the clearer for it——

Sick! sick! sick! sick!——

—When shall we get to land? captain—they have hearts like stones——O I am deadly sick!——reach me that thing, boy——'tis the most discomfiting sickness——I wish I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you? Undone! undone! un——O! undone! sir——What the first time?——No, 'tis the second, third, sixth, tenth time, sir,——hey-day!—what a trampling over head!—hollo! cabin boy! what's the matter?—

The wind chopp'd about! s'Death!—then I shall meet him full in the face.

What luck!—'tis chopp'd about again, master——O the devil chop it——

Captain, quoth she, for heaven's sake, let us get ashore.

Chapter iij.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in a haste, that there are three distinct roads between *Calais* and *Paris*, in behalf of which there is so much to be said by the several deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you'll take.

First, the road by *Lisle* and *Arras*, which is the most about——but most interesting, and instructing.

The second, that by *Amiens*, which you may go, if you would see *Chantilly*——

And that by *Beauvais*, which you may go, if you will.

For this reason a great many chuse to go by *Beauvais*.

Chapter iv.

"NOW before I quit *Calais*," a travel-writer would say, "it would not be amiss to give some account of it."—Now I think it very much amiss—that a man cannot go quietly through a town and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that he must be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely o' my conscience for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have *wrote and gallop'd*—or who have *gallop'd and wrote*, which is a different way still; or who, for more expedition than the rest, have *wrote galloping*, which is the way I do at present——from the great *Addison*, who did it with his satchel of school books hanging at his a—, and galling his beast's crupper at every stroke —there is not a gallopper of us all who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in case he had any), and have wrote all he had to write, dryshod, as well as not.

For my own part, as heaven is my judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal—I know no more of *Calais* (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor), than I do this moment of *Grand Cairo*; for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I set out, and yet by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this and that together in another —I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon *Calais* as long as my arm; and with so distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a stranger's curiosity in the town—that you would take me for the town-clerk of *Calais* itself—and where, sir, would be the wonder? was not

Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I—town-clerk of *Abdera?* and was not (I forget his name) who had more discretion than us both, town-clerk of *Ephesus?*——it should be penn'd moreover, sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision——

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

Chapter b.

CALAIS, *Calatium, Calusium, Calesium.*

This town, if we may trust its archives, the authority of which I see no reason to call in question in this place—was *once* no more than a small village belonging to one of the first Counts de *Guignes;* and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the *basse ville*, or suburbs ——it must have grown up by little and little, I suppose, to its present size.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking its exact dimensions, but it is pretty easy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for as there are fourteen thousand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all it must be considerably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form of a cross, and dedicated to the Virgin *Mary;* the steeple, which has a spire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and stands upon four pillars elegant and light enough, but sufficiently strong at the same time—it is decorated with eleven altars, most of which are rather fine than

beautiful. The great altar is a masterpiece in its kind; 'tis of white marble, and, as I was told, near sixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount *Calvary* itself—therefore, I suppose it must be high enough in all conscience.

There was nothing struck me more than the great *Square;* tho' I cannot say 'tis either well paved or well built; but 'tis in the heart of the town, and most of the streets, especially those in that quarter, all terminate in it; could there have been a fountain in all *Calais*, which it seems there cannot, as such an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this square,—not that it is properly a square,—because 'tis forty feet longer from east to west, than from north to south; so that the *French* in general have more reason on their side in calling them *Places* than *Squares*, which, strictly speaking, to be sure, they are not.

The town-house seems to be but a sorry building, and not to be kept in the best repair; otherwise it had been a second great ornament to this place; it answers however its destination, and serves very well for the reception of the magistrates, who assemble in it from time to time; so that 'tis presumable, justice is regularly distributed.

I have heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain;* 'tis a distinct quarter of the town, inhabited solely by sailors and fishermen; it consists of a number of small streets, neatly built and mostly of brick; 'tis extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for, from the principles of their diet, —there is nothing curious in that neither.——A traveller may see it to satisfy himself—he must not omit however taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account; 'tis so called from its particular destination,

because in war it serves to discover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by sea or land;——but 'tis monstrous high, and catches the eye so continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it if you would.

It was a singular disappointment to me, that I could not have permission to take an exact survey of the fortifications, which are the strongest in the world, and which, from first to last, that is, from the time they were set about by *Philip* of *France*, Count of *Boulogne*, to the present war, wherein many reparations were made, have cost (as I learned afterwards from an engineer in *Gascony*)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable, that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakest, they have expended the most money; so that the outworks stretch a great way into the campaign, and consequently occupy a large tract of ground—However, after all that is *said* and *done*, it must be acknowledged that *Calais* was never upon any account so considerable from itself, as from its situation, and that easy entrance which it gave our ancestors, upon all occasions, into *France:* it was not without its inconveniences also; being no less troublesome to the *English* in those times, than *Dunkirk* has been to us, in ours; so that it was deservedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reason that there have arisen so many contentions who should keep it: of these, the siege of *Calais*, or rather the blockade (for it was shut up both by land and sea), was the most memorable, as it withstood the efforts of *Edward* the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at last but by famine and extreme misery; the gallantry of *Eustace de St Pierre*, who first offered himself a victim for his fellow-citizens, has rank'd his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injustice to the reader,

not to give him a minute account of that romantic transaction, as well as of the siege itself, in *Rapin's* own words:

Chapter vi.

——BUT courage! gentle reader!——I scorn it ——'tis enough to have thee in my power ——but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much——No——! by that all-powerful fire which warms the visionary brain, and lights the spirits through unwordly tracts! ere I would force a helpless creature upon this hard service, and make thee pay, poor soul! for fifty pages, which I have no right to sell thee,——naked as I am, I would browse upon the mountains, and smile that the north wind brought me neither my tent or my supper.

—So put on, my brave boy! and make the best of thy way to *Boulogne.*

Chapter vii.

——BOULOGNE!——hah!——so we are all got together——debtors and sinners before heaven; a jolly set of us—but I can't stay and quaff it off with you—I'm pursued myself like a hundred devils, and shall be overtaken, before I can well change horses:——for heaven's sake, make haste ——'Tis for high-treason, quoth a very little man, whispering as low as he could to a very tall man, that stood next him——Or else for murder; quoth the tall man——Well thrown, *Size-ace!* quoth I. No; quoth a third, the gentleman has been committing———.

Ah! ma chere fille! said I, as she tripp'd by from her matins—you look as rosy as the morning (for the sun was rising, and it made the compliment the more gracious)—No; it can't be that, quoth a fourth—— (she made a curt'sy to me—I kiss'd my hand) 'tis debt, continued he: 'Tis certainly for debt; quoth a fifth; I would not pay that gentleman's debts, quoth *Ace*, for a thousand pounds; nor would I, quoth *Size*, for six times the sum—Well thrown, *Size-ace*, again! quoth I;—but I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her———How can you be so hard-hearted, MADAM, to arrest a poor traveller going along without molestation to any one upon his lawful occasions? do stop that death-looking, long-striding scoundrel of a scare-sinner, who is posting after me ——he never would have followed me but for you—— if it be but for a stage or two, just to give me start of him, I beseech you, madam———do, dear lady——

——Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity, quoth mine *Irish* host, that all this good courtship should be lost; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.——

——Simpleton! quoth I.

——So you have nothing *else* in *Boulogne* worth seeing?

—By Jasus! there is the finest SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES——

—There cannot be a finer; quoth I.

Chapter viij.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and its tackling (let 'em be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, "*the most haste the worst speed,*" was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the first time it happen'd;—the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times, and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections further; but the event continuing to befal me from the fifth, to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words;

That something is always wrong in a French post-chaise, upon first setting out.

Or the proposition may stand thus:

A French postilion has always to alight before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

What's wrong now?——Diable!——a rope's broke!——a knot has slipt!——a staple's drawn!——a bolt's to whittle!——a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.

Now true as all this is, I never think myself impowered to excommunicate thereupon either the post-chaise, or its driver——nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G—, I would rather go a-foot ten thousand times——or that I will be damn'd, if ever I get into another——but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag,

or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—so I never chaff, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on:——Do so, my lad! said I; he had lost five minutes already, in alighting in order to get at a luncheon of black bread, which he had cramm'd into the chaise-pocket, and was remounted, and going leisurely on, to relish it the better——Get on, my lad, said I, briskly—but in the most persuasive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four-and-twenty sous piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him, as he look'd back: the dog grinn'd intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his sooty muzzle discovered such a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawn'd her jewels for them.——

Just heaven! { What masticators!— / What bread!—

and so as he finished the last mouthful of it, we entered the town of *Montreuil.*

Chapter ix.

THERE is not a town in all *France*, which, in my opinion, looks better in the map, than MONTREUIL;——I own, it does not look so well in the book of post-roads; but when you come to see it—to be sure it looks most pitifully.

There is one thing, however, in it at present very handsome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter: She has been eighteen months at *Amiens*, and six at *Paris*, in going through her classes; so knits, and sews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well.——

—A slut! in running them over within these five minutes that I have stood looking at her, she has let fall at least a dozen loops in a white thread stocking ——yes, yes—I see, you cunning gipsy!—'tis long and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that 'tis your own—and fits you exactly.——

——That Nature should have told this creature a word about a *statue's thumb!*

—But as this sample is worth all their thumbs—— besides, I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain, if they can be any guide to me,—and as *Janatone* withal (for that is her name) stands so well for a drawing——may I never draw more, or rather may I draw like a draught-horse, by main strength all the days of my life,—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil, as if I had her in the wettest drapery.——

—But your worships chuse rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great parish-church, or drawing of the façade of the abbey of Saint *Austreberte* which has been transported from *Artois* hither—every thing is just I suppose as the masons and carpenters left them,—and if the belief in *Christ* continues so long, will be so these fifty years to come—so your worships and reverences may all measure them at your leisures——but he who measures thee, *Janatone*, must do it now—thou carriest the principles of change within thy frame; and considering the chances of a transitory life, I would not answer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are passed and gone, thou mayest grow out like a pumpkin, and lose thy shapes——or thou mayest go off like a flower, and lose thy beauty—nay, thou mayest go off like a hussy—and lose thyself.—I would not answer for my aunt *Dinah*, was she alive——'faith, scarce for her picture——were it but painted by *Reynolds*—

But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that son of *Apollo*, I'll be shot——

So you must e'en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine in passing thro' *Montreuil*, you will see at your chaise-door, as you change horses: but unless you have as bad a reason for haste as I have—you had better stop:——She has a little of the *devote:* but that, sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour———

—L—help me! I could not count a single point: so had been piqued and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

Chapter x.

ALL which being considered, and that Death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined ——I wish I was at *Abbeville*, quoth I, were it only to see how they card and spin——so off we set.

* *de Montreuil à Nampont-poste et demi*
de Nampont à Bernay - - - poste
de Bernay à Nouvion - - - poste
de Nouvion à ABBEVILLE - poste

——but the carders and spinners were all gone to bed.

Chapter xi.

WHAT a vast advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

* Vid. Book of French post roads, page 36, edition of 1762.

Chapter xij.

WAS I in a condition to stipulate with Death, as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his clyster——I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself; but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house——but rather in some decent inn——at home, I know it,——the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows, and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention———but mark. This inn should not be the inn at *Abbeville*——if there was not another inn in the universe, I would strike that inn out of the capitulation: so

Let the horses be in the chaise exactly by four in the morning——Yes, by four, Sir,——or by *Genevieve!* I'll raise a clatter in the house shall wake the dead.

Chapter xiij.

"MAKE *them like unto a wheel,*" is a bitter sarcasm, as all the learned know, against the *grand tour*, and that restless spirit for making it, which *David* prophetically foresaw would haunt the

children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great bishop *Hall*, 'tis one of the severest imprecations which *David* ever utter'd against the enemies of the Lord—and, as if he had said, "I wish them no worse luck than always to be rolling about" —So much motion, continues he (for he was very corpulent)—is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so much of heaven.

Now, I (being very thin) think differently; and that so much of motion, is so much of life, and so much of joy——and that to stand still, or get on but slowly, is death and the devil——

Hollo! Ho!——the whole world's asleep!—— bring out the horses——grease the wheels——tie on the mail——and drive a nail into that moulding—— I'll not lose a moment——

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *whereinto* (but not *whereonto*, for that would make an Ixion's wheel of it) he curseth his enemies, according to the bishop's habit of body, should certainly be a post-chaise wheel, whether they were set up in *Palestine* at that time or not——and my wheel, for the contrary reasons, must as certainly be a cart-wheel groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which sort, were I to turn commentator, I should make no scruple to affirm, they had great store in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear *Jenny*) for their "χωρισμὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ Σώματος, εἰς τὸ καλῶς φιλοσοφεῖν"——[their] "*getting out of the body, in order to think well.*" No man thinks right, whilst he is in it; blinded as he must be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aside, as the bishop and myself have been, with too lax or too tense a fibre——Reason is, half of it, Sense; and the measure of heaven itself

is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions——

——But which of the two, in the present case, do you think to be mostly in the wrong?

You, certainly: quoth she, to disturb a whole family so early.

Chapter xiv.

——But she did not know I was under a vow not to shave my beard till I got to *Paris*;——yet I hate to make mysteries of nothing;——'tis the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which *Lessius* (*lib.* 13, *de moribus divinis*, *cap.* 24) hath made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, That one *Dutch* mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of *Adam*) as can possibly be damn'd to the end of the world.

From what he has made this second estimate—— unless from the parental goodness of God—I don't know—I am much more at a loss what could be in *Franciscus Ribbera's* head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred *Italian* miles multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number ——he certainly must have gone upon some of the old *Roman* souls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in the course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In *Lessius's* time, who seems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined——

——We find them less *now*——

word."——Then there wants two sous more to drink ——or there is a twelve sous piece of *Louis* XIV. which will not pass—or a livre and some odd liards to be brought over from the last stage, which Monsieur had forgot; which altercations (as a man cannot dispute very well asleep) rouse him: still is sweet sleep retrievable; and still might the flesh weigh down the spirit, and recover itself of these blows—but then, by heaven! you have paid but for a single post—whereas 'tis a post and a half; and this obliges you to pull out your book of post-roads, the print of which is so very small, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: Then Monsieur *le Curé* offers you a pinch of snuff——or a poor soldier shews you his leg ——or a shaveling his box——or the priestess of the cistern will water your wheels——they do not want it ——but she swears by her *priesthood* (throwing it back) that they do:——then you have all these points to argue, or consider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get so thoroughly awakened ——you may get 'em to sleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of these misfortunes, or I had pass'd clean by the stables of *Chantilly*——

——But the postilion first affirming, and then persisting in it to my face, that there was no mark upon the two sous piece, I open'd my eyes to be convinced—and seeing the mark upon it as plain as my nose—I leap'd out of the chaise in a passion, and so saw every thing at *Chantilly* in spite.——I tried it but for three posts and a half, but believe 'tis the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to stop you; by which means it was that I passed through St *Dennis*, without turning my head so much as on one side towards the Abby——

——Richness of their treasury! stuff and nonsense!

——bating their jewels, which are all false, I would not give three sous for any one thing in it, but *Jaidas's lantern*——nor for that either, only as it grows dark, it might be of use.

Chapter xvii.

CRACK, crack——crack, crack——crack, crack ——so this is *Paris!* quoth I (continuing in the same mood)—and this is *Paris!*—— humph!——*Paris!* cried I, repeating the name the third time——

The first, the finest, the most brilliant——

The streets however are nasty.

But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells—— crack, crack——crack, crack——what a fuss thou makest!—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, that a man with pale face and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into *Paris* at nine o'clock at night, by a postilion in a tawny yellow jerkin, turned up with red calamanco—crack, crack——crack, crack——crack, crack,——I wish thy whip——

——But 'tis the spirit of thy nation; so crack—crack on.

Ha!——and no one gives the wall!——but in the School of Urbanity herself, if the walls are besh-t—how can you do otherwise?

And prithee when do they light the lamps? What?—never in the summer months!——Ho! 'tis the time of sallads.——O rare! sallad and soup—soup and sallad—sallad and soup, *encore*——

——'Tis *too much* for sinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it; how can that unconscionable coachman talk so much bawdy to that lean horse? don't you see, friend, the streets are

so villainously narrow, that there is not room in all *Paris* to turn a wheelbarrow? In the grandest city of the whole world, it would not have been amiss, if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only so much in every single street, as that a man might know (was it only for satisfaction) on which side of it he was walking.

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten.—Ten cook's shops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on some great merry-meeting with the barbers, by joint consent had said—Come, let us all go live at *Paris*: the *French* love good eating——they are all *gourmands*———we shall rank high; if their god is their belly——their cooks must be gentlemen: and forasmuch as *the periwig maketh the man*, and the periwig-maker maketh the periwig—*ergo*, would the barbers say, we shall rank higher still—we shall be above you all—we shall be * *Capitouls* at least—*pardi!* we shall all wear swords——

—And so, one would swear (that is, by candle light,—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do, to this day.

Chapter xviij.

THE *French* are certainly misunderstood:——but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently explaining themselves; or speaking with that exact limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which, moreover, is so likely to be contested by us——or whether the

* Chief Magistrate in Toulouse, &c. &c. &c.

fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to know "what they would be at"——I shall not decide; but 'tis evident to me, when they affirm, "*That they who have seen* Paris, *have seen every thing*," they must mean to speak of those who have seen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up——I have said before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not because the lights and shades are too sharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this respect, That in all the five hundred grand Hôtels, which they number up to you in *Paris*—and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a Hôtel), which by candle-light are best to be *seen, felt, heard*, and *understood* (which, by the bye, is a quotation from *Lilly*)——the devil a one of us out of fifty, can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the *French* computation: 'tis simply this,

That by the last survey taken in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixteen, since which time there have been considerable augmentations, *Paris* doth contain nine hundred streets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the *City*—there are fifty-three streets.
In St *James* of the Shambles, fifty-five streets.
In St *Oportune*, thirty-four streets.
In the quarter of the *Louvre*, twenty-five streets.
In the *Palace Royal*, or St *Honorius*, forty-nine streets.
In *Mont. Martyr*, forty-one streets.
In St *Eustace*, twenty-nine streets.
In the *Halles*, twenty-seven streets.
In St *Dennis*, fifty-five streets.

In St *Martin*, fifty-four streets.
In St *Paul*, or the *Mortellerie*, twenty-seven streets.
The *Greve*, thirty-eight streets.
In St *Avoy*, or the *Verrerie*, nineteen streets.
In the *Marais*, or the *Temple*, fifty-two streets.
In St *Antony's*, sixty-eight streets.
In the *Place Maubert*, eighty-one streets.
In St *Bennet*, sixty streets.
In St *Andrews de Arcs*, fifty-one streets.
In the quarter of the *Luxembourg*, sixty-two streets.
And in that of St Germain, fifty-five streets, into any of which you may walk; and that when you have seen them with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light —their gates, their bridges, their squares, their statues - - - and have crusaded it moreover, through all their parish-churches, by no means omitting St *Roche* and *Sulpice* - - - and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may see, either with or without the statues and pictures, just as you chuse—

——Then you will have seen——

——but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read of it yourself upon the portico of the *Louvre*, in these words,

* EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS! — NO FOLKS E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS! —SING, DERRY, DERRY, DOWN.

The *French* have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be said upon it.

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
——————————ulla parem.

Chapter xix.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the close of the last chapter) it puts one (*i.e.* an author) in mind of the word *spleen*——especially if he has any thing to say upon it: not that by any analysis—or that from any table of interest or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkness, or any two of the most unfriendly opposites in nature——only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good understanding amongst words, as politicians do amongst men—not knowing how near they may be under a necessity of placing them to each other——which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving *Chantilly*, I declared to be the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion. I still continue in the same sentiments—only I had not then experience enough of its working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneasily to yourself at the same time; for which reason I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's service—it has spoiled me the digestion of a good supper, and brought on a bilious diarrhœa, which has brought me back again to my first principle on which I set out—— and with which I shall now scamper it away to the banks of the *Garonne*—

——No;——I cannot stop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius——their

manners—their customs—their laws——their religion—their government—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances, with all the resources and hidden springs which sustain them: qualified as I may be, by spending three days and two nights amongst them, and during all that time making these things the entire subject of my enquiries and reflections——

Still—still I must away——the roads are paved—the posts are short—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I shall be at *Fontainbleau* before the king——

—Was he going there? not that I know——

Chapter xx.

NOW I hate to hear a person, especially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on so fast in *France* as we do in *England*; whereas we get on much faster, *consideratis considerandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then consider their puny horses, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their suffering is most unchristian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a *French* post-horse would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words ****** and ****** in which there is as much sustenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now as these words cost nothing, I long from my soul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the question—they must be told him plainly, and with the most distinct articulation, or it will answer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at

it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuse it in the parlour: for which cause, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy some time, but to no purpose, by what clean device or facette contrivance I might so modulate them, that whilst I satisfy *that ear* which the reader chuses to *lend* me—I might not dissatisfy the other which he keeps to himself.

——My ink burns my finger to try——and when I have——'twill have a worse consequence——it will burn (I fear) my paper.

——No;——I dare not——

But if you wish to know how the *abbess* of *Andoüillets* and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only first wishing myself all imaginable success)—I'll tell you without the least scruple.

Chapter xxi.

THE abbess of *Andoüillets*, which, if you look into the large set of provincial maps now publishing at *Paris*, you will find situated amongst the hills which divide *Burgundy* from *Savoy*, being in danger of an *Anchylosis* or stiff joint (the *sinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins), and having tried every remedy———first, prayers and thanksgiving; then invocations to all the saints in heaven promiscuously ——then particularly to every saint who had ever had a stiff leg before her——then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of *Lystra*, who had been impotent from his youth——then wrapping it up in her veil when she went to bed—then cross-wise her rosary—then bringing in to her aid the secular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals——then treating it with emollient

and resolving fomentations———then with poultices of marsh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lillies and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the smoak of 'em, holding her scapulary across her lap ——then decoctions of wild chicory, water-cresses, chervil, sweet cecily and cochlearia——and nothing all this while answering, was prevailed on at last to try the hot baths of *Bourbon*——so having first obtain'd leave of the visitor-general to take care of her existence—she ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about seventeen, who had been troubled with a whitloe in her middle finger, by sticking it constantly into the abbess's cast poultices, &c.—had gained such an interest, that overlooking a sciatical old nun, who might have been set up for ever by the hot-baths of *Bourbon*, *Margarita*, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calesh, belonging to the abbesse, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the sun —the gardener of the convent being chosen muleteer, led out the two old mules, to clip the hair from the rump-ends of their tails, whilst a couple of lay-sisters were busied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in sewing on the shreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled——the under-gardener dress'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees——and a taylor sat musically at it, in a shed over-against the convent, in assorting four dozen of bells for the harness, whistling to each bell, as he tied it on with a thong.——

——The carpenter and the smith of *Andoüillets* held a council of wheels; and by seven, the morning after, all look'd spruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot-baths of *Bourbon*—two rows of the unfortunate stood ready there an hour before.

The abbess of *Andoüillets*, supported by *Margarita* the novice, advanced slowly to the calesh, both clad

in white, with their black rosaries hanging at their breasts——

——There was a simple solemnity in the contrast: they entered the calesh; and nuns in the same uniform, sweet emblem of innocence, each occupied a window, and as the abbess and *Margarita* look'd up—each (the sciatical poor nun excepted)—each stream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiss'd the lilly hand which let it go: the good abbess and *Margarita* laid their hands saint-wise upon their breasts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd "God bless you, dear sisters."

I declare I am interested in this story, and wish I had been there.

The gardener, whom I shall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-set, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *hows* and *whens* of life; so had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio, or leathern cask of wine, which he had disposed behind the calesh, with a large russet-coloured riding-coat over it, to guard it from the sun; and as the weather was hot, and he not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occasions than those of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had so happen'd, that all his wine had leak'd out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finish'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been sultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous—the *Burgundian* hill on which it grew was steep—a little tempting bush over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the passions—a gentle air rustled distinctly through the leaves—"Come—come, thirsty muleteer—come in."

—The muleteer was a son of *Adam*; I need not say a word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a sound lash, and looking in the abbess's and *Margarita's* faces (as he did it)—as much as to say "here I am" —he gave a second good crack—as much as to say to his mules, "get on"——so slinking behind, he enter'd the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his scantling of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it; so entering into a long conversation, as how he was chief gardener to the convent of *Andoüillets*, &c. &c., and out of friendship for the abbess and Mademoiselle *Margarita*, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of *Savoy*, &c. &c.—and as how she had got a white swelling by her devotions—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c., and that if the waters of *Bourbon* did not mend that leg—she might as well be lame of both— &c. &c. &c.—He so contrived his story, as absolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her the little novice, and what was a more ticklish point to be forgot than both—the two mules; who being creatures that take advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation *downwards* (as men and women and beasts are)—they do it side-ways, and long-ways, and back-ways—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.———Philosophers, with all their ethicks, have never considered this rightly—how should the poor muleteer, then in his cups, consider it at all? he did not in the least—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men——and for a

moment let us look after the mules, the abbess, and *Margarita.*

By virtue of the muleteer's two last strokes the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill, till they had conquer'd about one half of it; when the elder of them, a shrewd crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a side glance, and no muleteer behind them——

By my fig! said she, swearing, I'll go no further ——And if I do, replied the other, they shall make a drum of my hide.——

And so with one consent they stopp'd thus——

Chapter xxij.

——Get on with you, said the abbess.

——Wh - - - - ysh——ysh——cried *Margarita.*

Sh - - - a——shu - u—— shu - - u—sh - - aw—— shaw'd the abbess.

——Whu—v—w —— whew — w—w — whuv'd *Margarita,* pursing up her sweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whistle.

Thump—thump—thump—obstreperated the abbess of *Andoüillets* with the end of her gold-headed cane against the bottom of the calesh——

The old mule let a f—

Chapter xxiij.

WE are ruin'd and undone, my child, said the abbess to *Margarita,*——we shall be here all night——we shall be plunder'd——we shall be ravish'd——

——We shall be ravish'd, said *Margarita*, as sure as a gun.

Sancta Maria! cried the abbess (forgetting the *O!*) —why was I govern'd by this wicked stiff joint? why did I leave the convent of *Andoüillets?* and why didst thou not suffer thy servant to go unpolluted to her tomb?

O my finger! my finger! cried the novice, catching fire at the word *servant*—why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where rather than be in this strait?

Strait! said the abbess.

Strait——said the novice; for terror had struck their understandings——the one knew not what she said——the other what she answer'd.

O my virginity! virginity! cried the abbess.

——inity!——inity! said the novice, sobbing.

Chapter xxiv.

MY dear mother, quoth the novice, coming a little to herself,——there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horse, or ass, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no; be he never so obstinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them utter'd, he obeys. They are words magic! cried the abbess in the utmost horror—No; replied *Margarita* calmly—but they are words sinful—What are they? quoth the abbess, interrupting her: They are sinful in the first degree, answered *Margarita*,—they are mortal—and if we are ravish'd and die unabsolved of them, we shall both——but you may pronounce them to me, quoth the abbess of *Andoüillets* ——They cannot, my dear mother, said the novice,

be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face—But you may whisper them in my ear, quoth the abbess.

Heaven! hadst thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed——no agent in nature, by some monitory shivering, creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouse the muleteer from his banquet?——no sweet ministrelsy to bring back the fair idea of the abbess and *Margarita*, with their black rosaries!

Rouse! rouse!——but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment——

——and how to tell them—Ye, who can speak of every thing existing, with unpolluted lips—instruct me ——guide me——

Chapter xxv.

ALL sins whatever, quoth the abbess, turning casuist in the distress they were under, are held by the confessor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no further division. Now a venial sin being the slightest and least of all sins—being halved—by taking either only the half of it, and leaving the rest —or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourself and another person—in course becomes diluted into no sin at all.

Now I see no sin in saying, *bou*, *bou*, *bou*, *bou*, *bou*, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the syllable *ger*, *ger*, *ger*, *ger*, *ger*, were it from our matins to our vespers: Therefore, my dear daughter, continued the abbess of *Andoüillets*—I will say *bou*, and thou shalt say *ger;* and then alternately, as there is no more sin in *fou* than in *bou*—Thou shalt say

fou—and I will come in (like fa, sol, la, re, mi, ut, at our complines) with *ter*. And accordingly the abbess, giving the pitch note, set off thus:

Abbess, } Bou - - bou - - bou - -
Margarita, } ——ger, - - ger, - - ger.
Margarita, } Fou - - fou - - fou - -
Abbess, } ——ter, - - ter, - - ter.

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lash of their tails; but it went no further——'Twill answer by an' by, said the novice.

Abbess } Bou- bou- bou- bou- bou- bou-
Margarita } —ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger.

Quicker still, cried *Margarita*.

Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou.

Quicker still, cried *Margarita*.

Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou.

Quicker still—God preserve me; said the abbess—They do not understand us, cried *Margarita*—But the Devil does, said the abbess of *Andoüillets*.

Chapter xxvi.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm sun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I seen, during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this story! There's FONTAINBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of *Burgundy*, and CHALLON, and *Mâcon* the capital of the *Mâconese*, and a score more upon the road to LYONS——and now I have run them over——I might as well talk to you of so many market towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them:

it will be this chapter at the least, if not both this and the next entirely lost, do what I will——

—Why, 'tis a strange story! *Tristram.*

———Alas! Madam, had it been upon some melancholy lecture of the cross—the peace of meekness, or the contentment of resignation——I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abstractions of the soul, and that food of wisdom and holiness and contemplation, upon which the spirit of man (when separated from the body) is to subsist for ever——You would have come with a better appetite from it——

——I wish I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out——let us use some honest means to get it out of our heads directly.

——Pray reach me my fool's cap——I fear you sit upon it, Madam——'tis under the cushion——I'll put it on——

Bless me! you have had it upon your head this half hour.——There then let it stay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri diddle d
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dumb - c.

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little to go on.

Chapter xxvij.

——All you need say of *Fontainbleau* (in case you are ask'd) is, that it stands about forty miles (south *something*) from *Paris*, in the middle of a large forest ——That there is something great in it——That the king goes there once every two or three years, with his whole court, for the pleasure of the chase—and that,

during that carnival of sporting, any *English* gentleman of fashion (you need not forget yourself) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the sport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king——

Though there are two reasons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

First, Because 'twill make the said nags the harder to be got; and

Secondly, 'Tis not a word of it true.——*Allons!*

As for SENS——you may dispatch—in a word ——"*'Tis an archiepiscopal see.*"

——For JOIGNY—the less, I think, one says of it the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through *Europe*, in which, after all, my father (not caring to trust me with any one) attended me himself, with my uncle *Toby*, and *Trim*, and *Obadiah*, and indeed most of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with a project of knitting my father a pair of large worsted breeches—(the thing is common sense)—and she not caring to be put out of her way, she staid at home, at SHANDY HALL, to keep things right during the expedition; in which, I say, my father stopping us two days at *Auxerre*, and his researches being ever of such a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a desert——he has left me enough to say upon AUXERRE: in short, wherever my father went——but 'twas more remarkably so, in this journey through *France* and *Italy*, than in any other stages of his life——his road seemed to lie so much on one side of that, wherein all other travellers have gone before him—he saw kings and courts and silks of all colours, in such strange lights——and his remarks and reasonings upon the characters, the manners, and customs of the countries we pass'd over, were so opposite to those of all other mortal men, particularly those

of my uncle *Toby* and *Trim*—(to say nothing of myself)—and to crown all—the occurrences and scrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in consequence of his systems and opiniatry—they were of so odd, so mix'd and tragi-comical a contexture—That the whole put together, it appears of so different a shade and tint from any tour of *Europe*, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault must be mine and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more,—or which comes to the same point—till the world, finally, takes it into its head to stand still.——

——But this rich bale is not to be open'd now; except a small thread or two of it, merely to unravel the mystery of my father's stay at AUXERRE.

——As I have mentioned it—'tis too slight to be kept suspended; and when 'tis wove in, there is an end of it.

We'll go, brother *Toby*, said my father, whilst dinner is coddling—to the abby of Saint *Germain*, if it be only to see these bodies, of which Monsieur *Sequier* has given such a recommendation.——I'll go see any body, quoth my uncle *Toby*; for he was all compliance through every step of the journey——Defend me! said my father—they are all mummies——Then one need not shave; quoth my uncle *Toby*——Shave! no—cried my father—'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on—So out we sallied, the corporal lending his master his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abby of Saint *Germain*.

Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very superb, and very magnificent, said my father, addressing himself to the sacristan, who was a younger brother of the order of *Benedictines*—but our curiosity has led us to see the bodies, of which Monsieur *Sequier* has given the world so exact a description.—The sacristan made

a bow, and lighting a torch first, which he had always in the vestry ready for the purpose; he led us into the tomb of St *Heribald*——This, said the sacristan, laying his hand upon the tomb, was a renowned prince of the house of *Bavaria*, who under the successive reigns of *Charlemagne*, *Louis le Debonnair*, and *Charles the Bald*, bore a great sway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and discipline——

Then he has been as great, said my uncle, in the field, as in the cabinet——I dare say he has been a gallant soldier——He was a monk—said the sacristan.

My uncle *Toby* and *Trim* sought comfort in each other's faces—but found it not: my father clapped both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him: for though he hated a monk and the very smell of a monk worse than all the devils in hell——yet the shot hitting my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* so much harder than him, 'twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayest humour in the world.

——And pray what do you call this gentleman? quoth my father, rather sportingly: This tomb, said the young *Benedictine*, looking downwards, contains the bones of Saint Maxima, who came from *Ravenna* on purpose to touch the body——

——Of Saint Maximus, said my father, popping in with his saint before him,—they were two of the greatest saints in the whole martyrology, added my father——Excuse me, said the sacristan——'twas to touch the bones of Saint *Germain*, the builder of the abby——And what did she get by it? said my uncle *Toby*——What does any woman get by it? said my father——Martyrdome; replied the young *Benedictine*, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering

the word with so humble, but decisive a cadence, it disarmed my father for a moment. 'Tis supposed, continued the *Benedictine*, that St *Maxima* has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization——'Tis but a slow rise, brother *Toby*, quoth my father, in this self-same army of martyrs. ——A desperate slow one, an' please your honour, said *Trim*, unless one could purchase——I should rather sell out entirely, quoth my uncle *Toby*——I am pretty much of your opinion, brother *Toby*, said my father.

——Poor St *Maxima!* said my uncle *Toby* low to himself, as we turn'd from her tomb: She was one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies either of *Italy* or *France*, continued the sacristan——But who the duce has got lain down here, besides her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on——It is Saint *Optat*, Sir, answered the sacristan——And properly is Saint *Optat* plac'd! said my father: And what is Saint *Optat's* story? continued he. Saint *Optat*, replied the sacristan, was a bishop——

——I thought so, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him——Saint *Optat!*——how should Saint *Optat* fail? so snatching out his pocket-book, and the young *Benedictine* holding him the torch as he wrote, he set it down as a new prop to his system of Christian names, and I will be bold to say, so disinterested was he in the search of truth, that had he found a treasure in Saint *Optat's* tomb, it would not have made him half so rich: 'Twas as successful a short visit as ever was paid to the dead; and so highly was his fancy pleas'd with all that had passed in it,—that he determined at once to stay another day in *Auxerre*.

—I'll see the rest of these good gentry to-morrow, said my father, as we cross'd over the square—And

while you are paying that visit, brother *Shandy*, quoth my uncle *Toby*—the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.

Chapter xxviij.

—NOW this is the most puzzled skein of all ——for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has help'd me through *Auxerre*, I have been getting forwards in two different journies together, and with the same dash of the pen—for I have got entirely out of *Auxerre* in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half way out of *Auxerre* in that which I shall write hereafter——There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into such a situation, as no traveller ever stood before me; for I am this moment walking across the market-place of *Auxerre* with my father and my uncle *Toby*, in our way back to dinner——and I am this moment also entering *Lyons* with my post-chaise broke into a thousand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handsome pavillion built by *Pringello*,* upon the banks of the *Garonne*, which Mons. *Sligniac* has lent me, and where I now sit rhapsodising all these affairs.

——Let me collect myself, and pursue my journey.

* The same Don *Pringello*, the celebrated *Spanish* architect, of whom my cousin *Antony* has made such honourable mention in a scholium to the Tale inscribed to his name.—Vid. p. 129, small edit.

Chapter xxix.

I AM glad of it, said I, settling the account with myself, as I walk'd into *Lyons*——my chaise being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving slowly before me——I am heartily glad, said I, that 'tis all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to *Avignon*, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not cost me seven livres——and from thence, continued I, bringing forwards the account, I can hire a couple of mules—or asses, if I like, (for nobody knows me) and cross the plains of *Languedoc* for almost nothing——I shall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune clear into my purse: and pleasure! worth—worth double the money by it. With what velocity, continued I, clapping my two hands together, shall I fly down the rapid *Rhone*, with the VIVARES on my right hand, and DAUPHINY on my left, scarce seeing the ancient cities of VIENNE, *Valence*, and *Vivieres*. What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to snatch a blushing grape from the *Hermitage* and *Côte roti*, as I shoot by the foot of them! and what a fresh spring in the blood! to behold upon the banks advancing and retiring, the castles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome rescued the distress'd——and see vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in with all her great works about her.

As I went on thus, methought my chaise, the wreck of which look'd stately enough at the first, insensibly grew less and less in its size; the freshness of the painting was no more—the gilding lost its lustre—and the whole affair appeared so poor in my eyes—so sorry!—so contemptible! and, in a word, so much

worse than the abbess of *Andoüillets*' itself—that I was just opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaise-undertaker, stepping nimbly across the street, demanded if Monsieur would have his chaise refitted——No, no, said I, shaking my head sideways—Would Monsieur chuse to sell it? rejoined the undertaker—With all my soul, said I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glasses worth forty more—and the leather you may take to live on.

What a mine of wealth, quoth I, as he counted me the money, has this post-chaise brought me in? And this is my usual method of book-keeping, at least with the disasters of life—making a penny of every one of 'em as they happen to me——

——Do, my dear *Jenny*, tell the world for me, how I behaved under one, the most oppressive of its kind, which could befal me as a man, proud as he ought to be of his manhood——

'Tis enough, saidst thou, coming close up to me, as I stood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* pass'd——'Tis enough, *Tristram*, and I am satisfied, saidst thou, whispering these words in my ear, **** ** **** *** ******;—**** ** **——any other man would have sunk down to the center——

——Every thing is good for something, quoth I.

——I'll go into *Wales* for six weeks, and drink goat's whey—and I'll gain seven years longer life for the accident. For which reason I think myself inexcusable, for blaming fortune so often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious duchess, as I call'd her, with so many small evils: surely, if I have any cause to be angry with her, 'tis that she has not sent me great ones—a score of good cursed, bouncing losses, would have been as good as a pension to me.

——One of a hundred a year, or so, is all I wish—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

Chapter xxx.

TO those who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the best part of a day at *Lyons*, the most opulent and flourishing city in *France*, enriched with the most fragments of antiquity—and not be able to see it. To be withheld upon *any* account, must be a vexation; but to be withheld *by* a vexation ——must certainly be, what philosophy justly calls

VEXATION
UPON
VEXATION.

I had got my two dishes of milk coffee (which by the bye is excellently good for a consumption, but you must boil the milk and coffee together—otherwise 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to see enough of *Lyons* to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. I will take a walk to the cathedral, said I, looking at my list, and see the wonderful mechanism of this great clock of *Lippius* of *Basil*, in the first place——

Now, of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism——I have neither genius, or taste, or fancy—and have a brain so entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I solemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a

squirrel cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—tho' I have many an hour of my life look'd up with great devotion at the one—and stood by with as much patience as any christian ever could do, at the other——

I'll go see the surprising movements of this great clock, said I, the very first thing I do: and then I will pay a visit to the great library of the Jesuits, and procure, if possible, a sight of the thirty volumes of the general history of *China*, wrote (not in the *Tartarean*, but) in the *Chinese* language, and in the *Chinese* character too.

Now I almost know as little of the *Chinese* language, as I do of the mechanism of *Lippius's* clock-work; so, why these should have jostled themselves into the two first articles of my list——I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyship's obliquities; and they who court her, are interested in finding out her humour as much as I.

When these curiosities are seen, quoth I, half addressing myself to my *valet de place*, who stood behind me——'twill be no hurt if we go to the church of St *Irenæus*, and see the pillar to which *Christ* was tied ——and after that, the house where *Pontius Pilate* lived——'Twas at the next town, said the *valet de place*—at *Vienne*; I am glad of it, said I, rising briskly from my chair, and walking across the room with strides twice as long as my usual pace——"for so much the sooner shall I be at the *Tomb of the two lovers.*"

What was the cause of this movement, and why I took such long strides in uttering this——I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it——'twill be as well for the reader if I explain it myself.

Chapter xxxi.

O. THERE is a sweet æra in the life of man, when (the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing else)——a story read of two fond lovers, separated from each other by cruel parents, and by still more cruel destiny——

Amandus——He
Amanda——She——

each ignorant of the other's course,

He——east
She——west

Amandus taken captive by the *Turks*, and carried to the emperor of *Morocco's* court, where the princess of *Morocco* falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in prison for the love of his *Amanda.*——

She—(*Amanda*) all the time wandering barefoot, and with dishevell'd hair, o'er rocks and mountains, enquiring for *Amandus!*——*Amandus! Amandus!*—making every hill and valley to echo back his name——

Amandus! Amandus!

at every town and city, sitting down forlorn at the gate ——Has *Amandus!*—has my *Amandus* enter'd?——till,——going round, and round, and round the world ——chance unexpected bringing them at the same moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of *Lyons*, their native city, and each in well-known accents calling out aloud,

Is *Amandus* / Is my *Amanda* } still alive?

they fly into each other's arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a soft æra in every gentle mortal's life, where such a story affords more *pabulum* to the brain,

than all the *Frusts*, and *Crusts*, and *Rusts* of antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

——'Twas all that stuck on the right side of the cullender in my own, of what *Spon* and others, in their accounts of *Lyons*, had *strained* into it; and finding, moreover, in some Itinerary, but in what God knows——That sacred to the fidelity of *Amandus* and *Amanda*, a tomb was built without the gates, where, to this hour, lovers called upon them to attest their truths ——I never could get into a scrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, somehow or other, come in at the close——nay such a kind of empire had it establish'd over me, that I could seldom think or speak of *Lyons*—and sometimes not so much as see even a *Lyons-waistcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would present itself to my fancy; and I have often said in my wild way of running on——tho' I fear with some irreverence——"I thought this shrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of *Mecca*, and so little short, except in wealth, of the *Santa Casa* itself, that some time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other business at *Lyons*) on purpose to pay it a visit."

In my list, therefore, of *Videnda* at *Lyons*, this, tho' *last*,—was not, you see, *least*; so taking a dozen or two of longer strides than usual across my room, just whilst it passed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Basse Cour*, in order to sally forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I should return to my inn, I had paid it——had moreover given the maid ten sous, and was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur *Le Blanc*, for a pleasant voyage down the *Rhône*——when I was stopped at the gate——

Chapter xxxii.

—'TWAS by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike——there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage ——I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)——I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—— I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c., for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog he would speak if he could) —yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation——I can make nothing of

a discourse with them, beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice——and those utter'd——there's an end of the dialogue——

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, *Honesty!* said I,——seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate——art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver:

——He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way——

I understand thee perfectly, answered I——If thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death——Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again——God help thee, *Jack!* said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour, —and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages——'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others. ——And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.——In saying this, I pull'd out a paper of 'em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon——than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in——the poor beast was heavy loaded ——his legs seem'd to tremble under him——he hung rather backwards, and as I pull'd at his halter, it broke short in my hand——he look'd up pensive in my face —"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may"——If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one-half of it pronounced, like the abbess of *Andoüillets'*—(so there was no sin in it) —when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I——but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket, as he rush'd by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine——so that the

Out upon it! in my opinion, should have come in here——but this I leave to be settled by

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.

Chapter xxiij.

WHEN all was set to rights, I came down stairs again into the *basse cour* with my *valet de place*, in order to sally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a second time stopp'd

at the gate——not by the ass—but by the person who struck him; and who, by that time, had taken possession (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very spot of ground where the ass stood.

It was a commissary sent to me from the post-office, with a rescript in his hand for the payment of some six livres odd sous.

Upon what account? said I.——'Tis upon the part of the king, replied the commissary, heaving up both his shoulders——

——My good friend, quoth I——as sure as I am I—and you are you——

——And who are you? said he.————Don't puzzle me; said I.

Chapter xxiv.

——But it is an indubitable verity, continued I, addressing myself to the commissary, changing only the form of my asseveration——that I owe the king of *France* nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honest man, and I wish him all health and pastime in the world——

Pardonnez moi—replied the commissary, you are indebted to him six livres four sous, for the next post from hence to St *Fons*, in your route to *Avignon*—which being a post royal, you pay double for the horses and postillion—otherwise 'twould have amounted to no more than three livres two sous——

——But I don't go by land; said I.

——You may if you please; replied the commissary——

Your most obedient servant——said I, making him a low bow——

——By all which it appears, quoth I, having read it over, a little too rapidly, that if a man sets out in a post-chaise from *Paris*—he must go on travelling in one, all the days of his life—or pay for it.—Excuse me, said the commissary, the spirit of the ordinance is this—That if you set out with an intention of running post from *Paris* to *Avignon*, &c., you shall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without first satisfying the fermiers for two posts further than the place you repent at—and 'tis founded, continued he, upon this, that the REVENUES are not to fall short through your *fickleness*——

——O by heavens! cried I—if fickleness is taxable in *France*—we have nothing to do but to make the best peace with you we can——

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE;

——And if it is a bad one—as *Tristram Shandy* laid the corner-stone of it—nobody but *Tristram Shandy* ought to be hanged.

Chapter xxvi.

THOUGH I was sensible I had said as many clever things to the commissary as came to six livres four sous, yet I was determined to note down the imposition amongst my remarks before I retired from the place; so putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) "my remarks were *stolen*"———Never did sorry traveller make such a pother and racket

about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occasion.

Heaven! earth! sea! fire! cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I should———My remarks are stolen!—what shall I do?——Mr. Commissary! pray did I drop any remarks, as I stood besides you?———

You dropp'd a good many very singular ones; replied he——Pugh! said I, those were but a few, not worth above six livres two sous—but these are a large parcel ——He shook his head——Monsieur *Le Blanc!* Madam *Le Blanc!* did you see any papers of mine?—you maid of the house! run up stairs—*François!* run up after her——

—I must have my remarks——they were the best remarks, cried I, that ever were made—the wisest—the wittiest—What shall I do?—which way shall I turn myself?

Sancho Pança, when he lost his ass's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

Chapter xxxvij.

WHEN the first transport was over, and the registers of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confusion into which this jumble of cross accidents had cast them—it then presently occurr'd to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of the chaise—and that in selling my chaise, I had sold my remarks along with it, to the chaise-vamper. I leave this void space that the reader may swear into it any oath that he is most accustomed to——For my own part, if ever I swore a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my life, I think

it was into that——*********, said I—and so my remarks through *France*, which were as full of wit, as an egg is full of meat, and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the said egg is worth a penny—have I been selling here to a chaise-vamper—for four *Louis d'Ors* —and giving him a post-chaise (by heaven) worth six into the bargain; had it been to *Dodsley*, or *Becket*, or any creditable bookseller, who was either leaving off business, and wanted a post-chaise—or who was beginning it —and wanted my remarks, and two or three guineas along with them—I could have borne it—but to a chaise-vamper!—shew me to him this moment, *François*, —said I—The valet de place put on his hat, and led the way—and I pull'd off mine, as I pass'd the commissary, and followed him.

Chapter xxviii.

WHEN we arrived at the chaise-vamper's house, both the house and the shop were shut up; it was the eighth of *September*, the nativity of the blessed Virgin *Mary*, mother of God—

——Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi——the whole world was gone out a May-poling—frisking here—capering there ——nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; so I sat me down upon a bench by the door, philosophating upon my condition: by a better fate than usually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the mistress came in to take the papilliotes from off her hair, before she went to the May-poles——

The *French* women, by the bye, love May-poles, *à la folie*—that is, as much as their matins——give 'em but a May-pole, whether in *May*, *June*, *July*, or *September*—they never count the times——down it

goes——'tis meat, drink, washing, and lodging to 'em ——and had we but the policy, an' please your worships (as wood is a little scarce in *France*), to send them but plenty of May-poles——

The women would set them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaise-vamper stepp'd in, I told you, to take the papilliotes from off her hair——the toilet stands still for no man——so she jerk'd off her cap, to begin with them as she open'd the door, in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground——I instantly saw it was my own writing——

O Seigneur! cried I—you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam!——*J'en suis bien mortifiée*, said she——'tis well, thinks I, they have stuck there ——for could they have gone deeper, they would have made such confusion in a *French* woman's noddle—She had better have gone with it unfrizled, to the day of eternity.

Tenez—said she—so without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely one by one into my hat——one was twisted this way——another twisted that——ey! by my faith; and when they are published, quoth I,——

They will be worse twisted still.

Chapter xxxix.

AND now for *Lippius's* clock! said I, with the air of a man, who had got thro' all his difficulties ——nothing can prevent us seeing that, and the *Chinese* history, &c., except the time, said *François*——

for 'tis almost eleven—Then we must speed the faster, said I, striding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot say, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the west door,—That *Lippius's* great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for some years——It will give me the more time, thought I, to peruse the *Chinese* history; and besides I shall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in its decay, than I could have done in its flourishing condition——

——And so away I posted to the college of the Jesuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the history of *China* in *Chinese* characters—as with many others I could mention, which strike the fancy only at a distance; for as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cool'd—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherrystone to have it gratified———The truth was, my time was short, and my heart was at the Tomb of the Lovers ——I wish to God, said I, as I got the rapper in my hand, that the key of the library may be but lost; it fell out as well———

For all the JESUITS *had got the cholic*—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldest practitioner.

Chapter xl.

AS I knew the geography of the Tomb of the Lovers, as well as if I had lived twenty years in *Lyons*, namely, that it was upon the turning of my right hand, just without the gate, leading to the *Fauxbourg de Vaise*——I dispatched *François* to the

boat, that I might pay the homage I so long ow'd it, without a witness of my weakness—I walk'd with all imaginable joy towards the place——when I saw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me——

—Tender and faithful spirits! cried I, addressing myself to *Amandus* and *Amanda*—long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb———I come ———I come———

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my uncle *Toby*, to have whistled Lillo bullero!

Chapter xli.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or rather I did not fly *from* it—(for there was no such thing existing) and just got time enough to the boat to save my passage;—and ere I had sailed a hundred yards, the *Rhône* and the *Saôn* met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have described this voyage down the *Rhône*, before I made it——

——So now I am at *Avignon*, and as there is nothing to see but the old house, in which the duke of *Ormond* resided, and nothing to stop me but a short remark upon the place, in three minutes you will see me crossing the bridge upon a mule, with *François* upon a horse with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, striding the way before us, with a long gun upon his shoulder, and a sword under his arm, lest peradventure we should run away with his cattle. Had you seen my breeches in entering *Avignon*,——Though

you'd have seen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiss, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon; for my own part, I took it most kindly; and determined to make him a present of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himself at all points against them.

Before I go further, let me get rid of my remark upon *Avignon*, which is this: That I think it wrong, merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the first night he comes to *Avignon*, ——that he should therefore say, "*Avignon* is more subject to high winds than any town in all *France*:" for which reason I laid no stress upon the accident till I had enquired of the master of the inn about it, who telling me seriously it was so——and hearing, moreover, the windiness of *Avignon* spoke of in the country about as a proverb——I set it down, merely to ask the learned what can be the cause——the consequence I saw—for they are all Dukes, Marquisses, and Counts, there——the duce a Baron, in all *Avignon*——so that there is scarce any talking to them on a windy day.

Prithee, friend, said I, take hold of my mule for a moment——for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, he was someway concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand—so begun with the boot:—when I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him——

———But *Monsieur le Marquis* had walked in——

Chapter xlij.

I HAD now the whole south of *France*, from the banks of the *Rhône* to those of the *Garonne*, to traverse upon my mule at my own leisure—*at my own leisure*——for I had left Death, the Lord knows ——and He only—how far behind me——"I have followed many a man thro' *France*, quoth he—but never at this mettlesome rate."——Still he followed, ——and still I fled him——but I fled him chearfully ——still he pursued——but, like one who pursued his prey without hope——as he lagg'd, every step he lost, soften'd his looks——why should I fly him at this rate?

So notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-office had said, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and, after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of *Languedoc* upon his back, as slowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller——or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain; especially if it is without great rivers or bridges; and presents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you, that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the case happens)—that the soil was grateful, and that nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no use to them but to carry them to some town; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to start from to the next plain ——and so on.

—This is most terrible work; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

Chapter xliij.

I HAD not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three several times loiter'd *terribly* behind; half a mile at least every time; once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of *Baucaira* and *Tarascone*—I did not understand the principles——

The second time, I cannot so properly say, I stopp'd ——for meeting a couple of *Franciscans* straitened more for time than myself, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about——I had turn'd back with them——

The third, was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a hand-basket of *Provence* figs for four sous; this would have been transacted at once; but for a case of conscience at the close of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turn'd out, that there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the basket—as I had no intention of buying eggs—I made no sort of claim of them—as for the space they had occupied—what signified it? I had figs enow for my money——

—But it was my intention to have the basket—it was the gossip's intention to keep it, without which, she could do nothing with her eggs——and unless I had the basket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and most of 'em burst at the side: this brought on a short contention, which terminated in sundry proposals, what we should both do——

——How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the Devil himself, had he not been there

(which I am persuaded he was), to form the least probable conjecture: You will read the whole of it ———not this year, for I am hastening to the story of my uncle *Toby's* amours—but you will read it in the collection of those which have arose out of the journey across this plain—and which, therefore, I call my

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of other travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a track—the world must judge—but the traces of it, which are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the most fruitful and busy period of my life; for as I had made no convention with my man with the gun, as to time—by stopping and talking to every soul I met, who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every soul behind—hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads —arresting all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars ——not passing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff———In short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was always in company, and with great variety too; and as my mule loved society as much as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met—I am confident we could have passed through *Pall-Mall*, or St *James's*-Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and seen less of human nature.

O! there is that sprightly frankness, which at once unpins every plait of a *Languedocian's* dress—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which

poets sing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is so.

'Twas in the road betwixt *Nismes* and *Lunel*, where there is the best *Muscatto* wine in all *France*, and which by the bye belongs to the honest canons of MONTPELLIER—and foul befal the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

——The sun was set—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh—and the swains were preparing for a carousal——my mule made a dead point——'Tis the fife and tabourin, said I——I'm frighten'd to death, quoth he——They are running at the ring of pleasure, said I, giving him a prick——By saint *Boogar*, and all the saints at the backside of the door of purgatory, said he—(making the same resolution with the abbesse of *Andoüillets*) I'll not go a step further———'Tis very well, sir, said I——I never will argue a point with one of your family, as long as I live; so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—I'll take a dance, said I—so stay you here.

A sun-burnt daughter of Labour rose up from the groupe to meet me, as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark chesnut approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

We want a cavalier, said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them—And a cavalier ye shall have; said I, taking hold of both of them.

Hadst thou, *Nannette*, been array'd like a dutchesse!

——But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!

Nannette cared not for it.

We could not have done without you, said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom *Apollo* had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his

own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank——Tie me up this tress instantly, said *Nannette*, putting a piece of string into my hand—It taught me to forget I was a stranger——The whole knot fell down——We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded——"the duce take that slit!"

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sung alternately with her brother——'twas a *Gascoigne* roundelay.

VIVA LA JOIA!
FIDON LA TRISTESSA!

The nymphs join'd in unison, and their swains an octave below them——

I would have given a crown to have it sew'd up—*Nannette* would not have given a sous—*Viva la joia!* was in her lips—*Viva la joia!* was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us——She look'd amiable!——Why could I not live, and end my days thus? Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here——and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious——Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I; so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from *Lunel* to *Montpellier*——from thence to *Pesçnas*, *Beziers*——I danced it along through *Narbonne*, *Carcasson*, and *Castle Naudairy*, till at last I danced myself into *Perdrillo's* pavillion, where pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis, in my uncle *Toby's* amours——

I begun thus——

BOOK VIII.

Chapter i.

—BUT softly——for in these sportive plains, and under this genial sun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the judgment is surprised by the imagination, I defy, notwithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines* * in sundry pages of my book—I defy the best cabbage planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, especially if slits in petticoats are unsew'd up —without ever and anon straddling out, or sidling into some bastardly digression——In *Freeze-land*, *Fog-land*, and some other lands I wot of—it may be done——

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, where every idea, sensible and insensible, gets vent—in this land, my dear *Eugenius*—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now sit, unskrewing my ink-horn to write my uncle *Toby's* amours, and with all

* Vid. pp. 44-46.

the meanders of JULIA's track in quest of her DIEGO, in full view of my study window—if thou comest not and takest me by the hand——

What a work it is likely to turn out!

Let us begin it.

Chapter ij.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM——

But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day)——I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this.

That of all the several ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best——I'm sure it is the most religious——for I begin with writing the first sentence——and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fuss and folly of opening his street-door, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c., only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up——catching the idea, even sometimes before it half way reaches me——

I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought which heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his Portrait* are fools to me——no martyr is ever so full of faith or fire——I wish I could say of good works too——but I have no

Zeal or Anger——or
Anger or Zeal——

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name——the errantest TARTUFFE, in science—in politics—or in religion, shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

Chapter iij.

——Bonjour!——good morrow!——so you have got your cloak on betimes!——but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly——'tis better to be well mounted, than go o' foot——and obstructions in the glands are dangerous——And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife,—and thy little ones o' both sides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your sister, aunt, uncle, and cousins——I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, stranguries, sciaticas, swellings, and sore eyes.

——What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood—give such a vile purge—puke—poultice—plaister — night-draught — clyster—blister? —— And why so many grains of calomel? santa Maria! and such a dose of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail——By my great-aunt *Dinah's* old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by

* Vid. *Pope's* Portrait.

frequently putting off and on, *before* she was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK afresh, was more than the mask was worth——and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through, was as bad as having no mask at all——

This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for these four generations, we count no more than one archbishop, a *Welch* judge, some three or four aldermen, and a single mountebank——

In the sixteenth century, we boast of no less than a dozen alchymists.

Chapter iv.

"IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom"——the suffering party is at least the *third*, but generally the last in the house who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and so long, as what in this vessel of the human frame, is *Love*—may be *Hatred*, in that——*Sentiment* half a yard higher——and *Nonsense*——————no, Madam,—not there——I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger——how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you please, who ever soliloquized upon this mystic subject, my uncle *Toby* was the worst fitted, to have push'd his researches, thro' such a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out——had not *Bridget's* pre-notification of them to *Susannah*, and *Susannah's* repeated manifestoes thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my uncle *Toby* to look into the affair.

Chapter v.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from some ailment in the *foot*)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for, by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profess'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predicament: not that, at first sight, there is any consequence, or show of logic in it, "That a rill of cold water dribbling through my inward parts, should light up a torch in my *Jenny's*—"

——The proposition does not strike one; on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects——

But it shews the weakness and imbecility of human reason.

——"And in perfect good health with it?"

—The most perfect,—Madam, that friendship herself could wish me——

"And drink nothing!—nothing but water?"

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou pressest against the flood-gates of the brain——see how they give way!——

In swims Curiosity, beckoning to her damsels to follow—they dive into the centre of the current——

Fancy sits musing upon the bank, and with her eyes following the stream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits——And Desire, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her with the other——

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often governed and turn'd

this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—bepowdering their ribs—bepeppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature——

If I was you, quoth *Yorick*, I would drink more water, *Eugenius*—And, if I was you, *Yorick*, replied *Eugenius*, so would I.

Which shews they had both read *Longinus*——

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

Chapter vi.

I WISH my uncle *Toby* had been a water-drinker; for then the thing had been accounted for, That the first moment Widow *Wadman* saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favour—Something!—something.

—Something perhaps more than friendship—less than love—something—no matter what—no matter where—I would not give a single hair off my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself (indeed the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain), to be let by your worships into the secret——

But the truth is, my uncle *Toby* was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mix'd, or any how, or any where, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had ——or during the time he was under cure; when the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact——my uncle *Toby* drank it for quietness sake.

Now as all the world knows, that no effect in nature

can be produced without a cause, and as it is as well known, that my uncle *Toby* was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator——unless as a captain, you will needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot—and besides, the whole is an equivocation——There is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my uncle *Toby's* leg——but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some ailment *in the foot*—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any disorder in his foot—for my uncle *Toby's* leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and awkward, from a total disuse of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and in all other respects as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or passage of my life, where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case: one would think I took a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments of getting out of 'em ——Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemm'd in on every side of thee—— are they, *Tristram*, not sufficient, but thou must entangle thyself still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou hast ten cart-loads of thy fifth and sixth volumes* still—still unsold, and art almost at thy wit's ends, how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with the vile asthma that thou gattest in skating against the wind in *Flanders?* and is it but two months ago, that in a fit of laughter, on seeing a cardinal make water like a

* Alluding to the first edition.

quirister (with both hands) thou brakest a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and hadst thou lost as much more, did not the faculty tell thee———it would have amounted to a gallon?———

Chapter viij.

——But for heaven's sake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons——let us take the story straight before us; it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition of a single tittle; and, somehow or other, you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it——

—I beg we may take more care.

Chapter viij.

MY uncle *Toby* and the corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we have so often spoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies; that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pickax, or a shovel—

—It was a bed to lie on: so that as *Shandy-Hall* was at that time unfurnished; and the little inn where poor *Le Fever* died, not yet built; my uncle *Toby* was constrained to accept of a bed at Mrs *Wadman's*, for a night or two, till corporal *Trim* (who to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, sempster, surgeon, and engineer, superadded that of an excellent upholsterer too), with the help of a carpenter and a couple of taylors, constructed one in my uncle *Toby's* house.

A daughter of *Eve*, for such was widow *Wadman*, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—"*That she was a perfect woman*—" had better be fifty leagues off—or in her warm bed—or playing with a case-knife—or any thing you please—than make a man the object of her attention, when the house and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, physically speaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—but here, for her soul, she can see him in no light without mixing something of her own goods and chattels along with him——till by reiterated acts of such combination, he gets foisted into her inventory——

—And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM; for I have delivered that above——nor is it matter of BREVIARY ——for I make no man's creed but my own——nor matter of FACT——at least that I know of; but 'tis matter copulative and introductory to what follows.

Chapter ix.

I DO not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them—or the strength of their gussets ——but pray do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts as much in this particular, as in any thing else in the world; That they so far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as much below the feet, as the day-shifts fall short of them?

Widow *Wadman's* night-shifts (as was the mode I suppose in King *William's* and Queen *Anne's* reigns) were cut however after this fashion; and if the fashion

is changed (for in *Italy* they are come to nothing) ——so much the worse for the public; they were two *Flemish* ells and a half in length; so that allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare, to do what she would with.

Now from one little indulgence gained after another, in the many bleak and decemberly nights of a seven years widowhood, things had insensibly come to this pass, and for the two last years had got establish'd into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—That as soon as Mrs *Wadman* was put to bed, and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she always gave *Bridget* notice—*Bridget*, with all suitable decorum, having first open'd the bed-cloaths at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we are speaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furthest extension, and then contracted it again side-long by four or five even plaits, she took a large corking pin out of her sleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all fast together a little above the hem; which done, she tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wish'd her mistress a good night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this; that on shivering and tempestuous nights, when *Bridget* untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c., to do this——she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions; and so performed it standing—kneeling —or squatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, she was in, and bore towards her mistress that night. In every other respect, the *etiquette* was sacred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most inflexible bed-chamber in *Christendom*.

The first night, as soon as the corporal had conducted my uncle *Toby* up stairs, which was about ten ——Mrs *Wadman* threw herself into her arm-chair,

and crossing her left knee with her right, which formed a resting-place for her elbow, she reclin'd her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both sides of the question.

The second night she went to her bureau, and having ordered *Bridget* to bring her up a couple of fresh candles and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage-settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the last of my uncle *Toby's* stay) when *Bridget* had pull'd down the night-shift, and was assaying to stick in the corking pin——

——With a kick of both heels at once, but at the same time the most natural kick that could be kick'd in her situation——for supposing * * * * * * * * * to be the sun in its meridian, it was a north-east kick——she kick'd the pin out of her fingers——the *etiquette* which hung upon it, down——down it fell to the ground, and was shiver'd into a thousand atoms.

From all which it was plain that widow *Wadman* was in love with my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter x.

MY uncle *Toby's* head at that time was full of other matters, so that it was not till the demolition of *Dunkirk*, when all the other civilities of *Europe* were settled, that he found leisure to return this.

This made an armistice (that is, speaking with regard to my uncle *Toby*—but with respect to Mrs *Wadman*, a vacancy)—of almost eleven years. But in all cases of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at what distance of time it will, which makes the fray——I

chuse for that reason to call these the amours of my uncle *Toby* with Mrs *Wadman*, rather than the amours of Mrs *Wadman* with my uncle *Toby*.

This is not a distinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old hat cock'd*——and *a cock'd old hat*, about which your reverences have so often been at odds with one another——but there is a difference here in the nature of things——

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

Chapter xi.

NOW as widow *Wadman* did love my uncle *Toby* ——and my uncle *Toby* did not love widow *Wadman*, there was nothing for widow *Wadman* to do, but to go on and love my uncle *Toby*——or let it alone.

Widow *Wadman* would do neither the one or the other.

——Gracious heaven!——but I forget I am a little of her temper myself; for whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfast for her——and that she careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfast or no——

——Curse on her! and so I send her to *Tartary*, and from *Tartary* to *Terra del Fuogo*, and so on to the devil: in short, there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityship and stick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in these tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I instantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky-way——

Brightest of stars! thou wilt shed thy influence upon some one———

——The duce take her and her influence too——— for at that word I lose all patience——much good may it do him!——By all that is hirsute and gashly! I cry, taking off my furr'd cap, and twisting it round my finger——I would not give sixpence for a dozen such!

——But 'tis an excellent cap too (putting it upon my head, and pressing it close to my ears)—and warm —and soft; especially if you stroke it the right way— but alas! that will never be my luck——(so here my philosophy is shipwreck'd again).

——No; I shall never have a finger in the pye (so here I break my metaphor)——

Crust and Crumb
Inside and out
Top and bottom——I detest it, I hate it, I repudiate it——I'm sick at the sight of it——
'Tis all pepper,
garlick,
staragen,
salt, and
devil's dung——by the great arch-cook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but sit down by the fire-side and invent inflammatory dishes for us, I would not touch it for the world——

——*O Tristram! Tristram!* cried *Jenny.*

O Jenny! Jenny! replied I, and so went on with the twelfth chapter.

Chapter xii.

——"Not touch it for the world," did I say——Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

Chapter xiii.

WHICH shews, let your reverences and worships say what you will of it (for as for *thinking*——all who do think—think pretty much alike both upon it and other matters)——Love is certainly, at least alphabetically speaking, one of the most

A gitating
B ewitching
C onfounded
D evilish affairs of life——the most
E xtravagant
F utilitous
G alligaskinish
H andy-dandyish
I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
L yrical of all human passions: at the same time, the most
M isgiving
N innyhammering
O bstipating
P ragmatical
S tridulous
R idiculous—though by the bye the R should have gone first—But in short 'tis of such a nature, as my father once told my uncle *Toby* upon the close of a

long dissertation upon the subject——"You can scarce," said he, "combine two ideas together upon it, brother *Toby*, without an hypallage"——What's that? cried my uncle *Toby*.

The cart before the horse, replied my father——

——And what is he to do there? cried my uncle *Toby*——

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get in——or let it alone.

Now widow *Wadman*, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She stood however ready harnessed and caparisoned at all points, to watch accidents.

Chapter xiv.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of widow *Wadman* and my uncle *Toby*, had, from the first creation of matter and motion (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind), established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my uncle *Toby* to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in *Christendom*, but the very house and garden which join'd and laid parallel to Mrs *Wadman's*; this, with the advantage of a thickset arbour in Mrs *Wadman's* garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle *Toby's*, put all the occasions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; she could observe my uncle *Toby's* motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his

unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of *Bridget*, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and sometimes out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle *Toby* up in the very sentry-box itself.

Chapter xv.

IT is a great pity——but 'tis certain from every day's observation of man, that he may be set on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a sufficient wick standing out; if there is not—there's an end of the affair; and if there is—by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast—I would oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top; for then I should burn down decently to the socket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and so on by the meseraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunicles to the blind gut——

——I beseech you, doctor *Slop*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a discourse with my father the night my mother was brought to bed of me——I beseech you, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to tell me which is the blind gut; for, old

as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.

The *blind gut*, answered doctor *Slop*, lies betwixt the *Ilion* and *Colon*——

In a man? said my father.

——'Tis precisely the same, cried doctor *Slop*, in a woman.——

That's more than I know; quoth my father.

Chapter xvi.

——And so to make sure of both systems, Mrs *Wadman* predetermined to light my uncle *Toby* neither at this end or that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of *Venice* to the *Tower* of *London* (exclusive), if Mrs *Wadman* had been rummaging for seven years together, and with *Bridget* to help her, she could not have found any one *blind* or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my uncle *Toby's* affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you——but I don't know ——possibly I have——be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things, which a man had better do over again, than dispute about it—That whatever town or fortress the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle *Toby* always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, fasten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required; so that when

Chapter xvii.

THESE attacks of Mrs *Wadman*, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all——or if he did, would confound them all together——but I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of *Bouchain* in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so, whilst I have power to preserve any thing), upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand side, there is still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reason in the world to imagine, were Mrs *Wadman's*; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle *Toby's*, is absolutely clean: This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are vestigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box——

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relick, with its *stigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the relicks of the *Romish* church——always excepting, when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St *Radagunda* in the desert, which in your road from Fesse to Cluny, the nuns of that name will shew you for love.

Chapter xviii.

I THINK, an' please your honour, quoth *Trim*, the fortifications are quite destroyed——and the bason is upon a level with the mole——I think so too; replied my uncle *Toby* with a sigh half suppress'd—— but step into the parlour, *Trim*, for the stipulation—— it lies upon the table.

It has lain there these six weeks, replied the corporal, till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it—

——Then, said my uncle *Toby*, there is no further occasion for our services. The more, an' please your honour, the pity, said the corporal; in uttering which he cast his spade into the wheel-barrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pickax, his pioneer's shovel, his picquets, and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field——when a heigh-ho! from the sentry-box, which being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbad him.

——No; said the corporal to himself, I'll do it before his honour rises to-morrow morning; so taking his spade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis——but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him——he loosen'd a sod or two——pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he sat himself down close by my uncle *Toby's* feet, and began as follows.

Chapter xix.

IT was a thousand pities——though I believe, an' please your honour, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier——

A soldier, cried my uncle *Toby*, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, *Trim*, than a man of letters——But not so often, an' please your honour, replied the corporal——My uncle *Toby* gave a nod.

It was a thousand pities then, said the corporal, casting his eye upon *Dunkirk*, and the mole, as *Servius Sulpicius*, in returning out of *Asia* (when he sailed from *Ægina* towards *Megara*), did upon *Corinth* and *Pyreus*——

—"It was a thousand pities, an' please your honour, to destroy these works——and a thousand pities to have let them stood."——

——Thou art right, *Trim*, in both cases; said my uncle *Toby*.——This, continued the corporal, is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end——I have never once whistled, or sung, or laugh'd, or cry'd, or talk'd of past done deeds, or told your honour one story good or bad——

——Thou hast many excellencies, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a story-teller, that of the number thou hast told me, either to amuse me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones—thou hast seldom told me a bad one——

——Because, an' please your honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his seven castles*,—they are all true; for they are about myself——

I do not like the subject the worse, *Trim*, said my

uncle *Toby*, on that score: But prithee what is this story? thou hast excited my curiosity.

I'll tell it your honour, quoth the corporal, directly —Provided, said my uncle *Toby*, looking earnestly towards *Dunkirk* and the mole again——provided it is not a merry one; to such, *Trim*, a man should ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him; and the disposition I am in at present would wrong both thee, *Trim*, and thy story——It is not a merry one by any means, replied the corporal—Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle *Toby* ——It is neither the one nor the other, replied the corporal, but will suit your honour exactly——Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle *Toby*; so prithee begin it, *Trim*.

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank *Montero*-cap with grace——or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting squat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the corporal was wont; yet by suffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his master, to slip backwards upon the grass, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater sweep——and by an unforced compression, at the same time, of his cap with the thumb and the two forefingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced, so that it might be said, rather to be insensibly squeez'd— than pull'd off with a flatus——the corporal acquitted himself of both in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humour,—he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

THERE was a certain king of Bo - - he———

As the corporal was entering the confines of *Bohemia*, my uncle *Toby* obliged him to halt for a single moment; he had set out bare-headed, having, since he pull'd off his *Montero*-cap in the latter end of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on the ground.

——The eye of Goodness espieth all things——so that before the corporal had well got through the first five words of his story, had my uncle *Toby* twice touch'd his *Montero*-cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively——as much as to say, Why don't you put it on, *Trim?* *Trim* took it up with the most respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being dismally tarnish'd and fray'd moreover in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he lay'd it down again between his two feet, in order to moralize upon the subject.

——'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle *Toby*, that thou art about to observe——

"*Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to last for ever.*"

——But when tokens, dear *Tom*, of thy love and remembrance wear out, said *Trim*, what shall we say?

There is no occasion, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, to say any thing else; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doom's day, I believe, *Trim*, it would be impossible.

The corporal, perceiving my uncle *Toby* was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap,

without further attempting it, he put it on; and passing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the king of *Bohemia* and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was a certain king of *Bohemia*, but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your honour——

I do not desire it of thee, *Trim*, by any means, cried my uncle *Toby*.

——It was a little before the time, an' please your honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding:—but in what year of our Lord that was——

I would not give a halfpenny to know, said my uncle *Toby*.

——Only, an' please your honour, it makes a story look the better in the face——

——'Tis thy own, *Trim*, so ornament it after thy own fashion; and take any date, continued my uncle *Toby*, looking pleasantly upon him—take any date in the whole world thou chusest, and put it to—thou art heartily welcome——

The corporal bowed; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to *Noah's* flood; and from *Noah's* flood to the birth of *Abraham*; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the *Israelites* out of *Egypt*——and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of

Christ, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his story——had my uncle *Toby* subjected this vast empire of time and all its abysses at his feet; but as MODESTY scarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himself with the very *worst year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very flesh off your bones in contestation, 'Whether that year is not always the last cast-year of the last cast-almanack'——I tell you plainly it was; but from a different reason than you wot of——

——It was the year next him——which being the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of *Ormond* was playing the devil in *Flanders*——the corporal took it, and set out with it afresh on his expedition to *Bohemia*.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve, there was, an' please your honour——

——To tell thee truly, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*, any other date would have pleased me much better, not only on account of the sad stain upon our history that year, in marching off our troops, and refusing to cover the siege of *Quesnoi*, though *Fagel* was carrying on the works with such incredible vigour—but likewise on the score, *Trim*, of thy own story; because if there are—and which, from what thou hast dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact—if there are giants in it——

There is but one, an' please your honour——

——'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle *Toby*

[illegible]

——[illegible] or [illegible] hundred years [illegible] critics and other people: [illegible] thee, if ever thou [illegible]——

——If I live, [illegible] please [illegible] through it, I will never [illegible] to man, woman, [illegible]——[illegible] uncle *Toby*——[illegible] ment did he [illegible] his story with more [illegible].

THE [illegible]

[illegible]

THERE [illegible] began, [illegible]——

——Leave [illegible] uncle *Toby*, [illegible] upon the [illegible] shoulder [illegible] ——leave it out entirely, *Trim* [illegible] without these niceties, [illegible]

——Sure [illegible] head——

Right: [illegible] *Trim*, [illegible] arms, [illegible] end [illegible]

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to take care of—his regimentals to mend—himself to shave and keep clean, so as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what business, added the corporal triumphantly, has a soldier, an' please your honour, to know any thing at all of *geography?*

——Thou would'st have said *chronology*, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*; for as for geography, 'tis of absolute use to him; he must be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profession carries him; he should know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow ways which lead up to them; there is not a river or a rivulet he passes, *Trim*, but he should be able at first sight to tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it takes its rise—what is its course—how far it is navigable—where fordable—where not; he should know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and morasses, thro' and by which his army is to march; he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their seasons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it else to be conceived, corporal, continued my uncle *Toby*, rising up in his sentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his discourse—how *Marlborough* could have marched his army from the banks of the *Maes* to *Belburg*; from *Belburg* to *Kerpenord*—(here the corporal could sit no longer) from *Kerpenord*, *Trim*, to *Kalsaken*; from *Kalsaken* to *Newdorf*; from *Newdorf* to *Landenbourg*; from *Landenbourg* to *Mildenheim*; from *Mildenheim* to *Elchingen*; from *Elchingen* to *Gingen*; from *Gingen* to *Balmerchoffen*; from *Balmerchoffen* to *Skellenburg*, where he broke in upon the

enemy's works; forced his passage over the *Danube*; cross'd the *Lech*—push'd on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through *Fribourg*, *Hokenwert*, and *Schonevelt*, to the plains of *Blenheim* and *Hochstet?*——Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a step, or made one single day's march without the aids of *Geography*.——As for *Chronology*, I own, *Trim*, continued my uncle *Toby*, sitting down again coolly in his sentry-box, that of all others, it seems a science which the soldier might best spare, was it not for the lights which that science must one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, renversing every thing like thunder before it, has become a new æra to us of military improvements, changing so totally the nature of attacks and defences both by sea and land, and awakening so much art and skill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the precise time of its discovery, or too inquisitive in knowing what great man was the discoverer, and what occasions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle *Toby*, what historians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of *Wencelaus*, son of *Charles* the Fourth——a certain priest, whose name was *Schwartz*, shew'd the use of powder to the *Venetians*, in their wars against the *Genoese*; but 'tis certain he was not the first; because if we are to believe Don *Pedro*, the bishop of *Leon*—How came priests and bishops, an' please your honour, to trouble their heads so much about gun-powder? God knows, said my uncle *Toby*——his providence brings good out of every thing—and he avers, in his chronicle of King *Alphonsus*, who reduced *Toledo*, That in the year 1343, which was full thirty-seven years before that time, the secret of powder was well known, and employed with

success, both by Moors and Christians, not only in their sea-combats, at that period, but in many of their most memorable sieges in *Spain* and *Barbary*—And all the world knows, that Friar *Bacon* had wrote expressly about it, and had generously given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even *Schwartz* was born—And that the *Chinese*, added my uncle *Toby*, embarrass us, and all accounts of it, still more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds of years even before him——

—They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried *Trim*——

——They are somehow or other deceived, said my uncle *Toby*, in this matter, as is plain to me from the present miserable state of military architecture amongst them; which consists of nothing more than a fossé with a brick wall without flanks—and for what they gave us as a bastion at each angle of it, 'tis so barbarously constructed, that it looks for all the world ————————Like one of my seven castles, an' please your honour, quoth *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby*, tho' in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused *Trim's* offer—till *Trim* telling him, he had half a dozen more in *Bohemia*, which he knew not how to get off his hands——my uncle *Toby* was so touch'd with the pleasantry of heart of the corporal——that he discontinued his dissertation upon gun-powder——and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his story of the King of *Bohemia* and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THIS *unfortunate* King of *Bohemia*, said *Trim*, ——Was he unfortunate, then? cried my uncle *Toby*, for he had been so wrapt up in his dissertation upon gun-powder, and other military affairs, that tho' he had desired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not so strong upon his fancy as to account for the epithet——Was he *unfortunate*, then, *Trim?* said my uncle *Toby*, pathetically——The corporal, wishing first the *word* and all its synonimas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind, the principal events in the King of *Bohemia's* story; from every one of which, it appearing that he was the most fortunate man that ever existed in the world——it put the corporal to a stand: for not caring to retract his epithet——and less to explain it——and least of all, to twist his tale (like men of lore) to serve a system——he looked up in my uncle *Toby's* face for assistance——but seeing it was the very thing my uncle *Toby* sat in expectation of himself——after a hum and a haw, he went on———

The King of *Bohemia*, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus——That taking great pleasure and delight in navigation and all sort of sea affairs——and there *happening* throughout the whole kingdom of *Bohemia*, to be no sea-port town whatever——

How the duce should there—*Trim?* cried my uncle *Toby*; for *Bohemia* being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwise——It might, said *Trim*, if it had pleased God——

My uncle *Toby* never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and hesitation——

——I believe not, replied my uncle *Toby*, after some pause——for being inland, as I said, and having *Silesia* and *Moravia* to the east; *Lusatia* and *Upper Saxony* to the north; *Franconia* to the west; *Bavaria* to the south; *Bohemia* could not have been propell'd to the sea without ceasing to be *Bohemia*——nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to *Bohemia*, without overflowing a great part of *Germany*, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence against it——Scandalous! cried *Trim*—Which would bespeak, added my uncle *Toby*, mildly, such a want of compassion in him who is the father of it——that, I think, *Trim*——the thing could have happen'd no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction; and went on.

Now the King of *Bohemia* with his queen and courtiers *happening* one fine summer's evening to walk out——Aye! there the word *happening* is right, *Trim*, cried my uncle *Toby*; for the King of *Bohemia* and his queen might have walk'd out or let it alone:——'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen, or not, just as chance ordered it.

King *William* was of an opinion, an' please your honour, quoth *Trim*, that every thing was predestined for us in this world; insomuch, that he would often say to his soldiers, that "every ball had its billet." He was a great man, said my uncle *Toby*——And I believe, continued *Trim*, to this day, that the shot which disabled me at the battle of *Landen*, was pointed at my knee for no other purpose, but to take me out of his service, and place me in your honour's, where I should be taken so much better care of in my old age ——It shall never, *Trim*, be construed otherwise, said my uncle *Toby*.

The heart, both of the master and the man, were

alike subject to sudden overflowings;——a short silence ensued.

Besides, said the corporal, resuming the discourse—but in a gayer accent——if it had not been for that single shot, I had never, an' please your honour, been in love———

So, thou wast once in love, *Trim!* said my uncle *Toby*, smiling——

Souse! replied the corporal—over head and ears! an' please your honour. Prithee when? where?—and how came it to pass?——I never heard one word of it before; quoth my uncle *Toby*:——I dare say, answered *Trim*, that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it——It's high time I should——said my uncle *Toby*.

Your honour remembers with concern, said the corporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp and army at the affair of *Landen*; every one was left to shift for himself; and if it had not been for the regiments of *Wyndham*, *Lumley*, and *Galway*, which covered the retreat over the bridge of *Neerspeeken*, the king himself could scarce have gained it——he was press'd hard, as your honour knows, on every side of him——

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle *Toby*, caught up with enthusiasm—this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him to support the right, and tear the laurel from *Luxembourg's* brows, if yet 'tis possible——I see him with the knot of his scarfe just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor *Galway's* regiment—riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging *Conti* at the head of it——Brave! brave, by heaven! cried my uncle *Toby*—he deserves a crown——As richly, as a thief a halter; shouted *Trim*.

My uncle *Toby* knew the corporal's loyalty;—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind——it did not altogether strike the corporal's fancy when he had made it——but it could not be recall'd——so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own safety—Though *Talmash*, said my uncle *Toby*, brought off the foot with great prudence——But I was left upon the field, said the corporal. Thou wast so; poor fellow! replied my uncle *Toby*——So that it was noon the next day, continued the corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be convey'd to our hospital.

There is no part of the body, an' please your honour, where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish than upon the knee——

Except the groin; said my uncle *Toby*. An' please your honour, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, must certainly be the most acute, there being so many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems all about it.

It is for that reason, quoth my uncle *Toby*, that the groin is infinitely more sensible——there being not only as many tendons and what-d'ye-call-'ems (for I know their names as little as thou dost)——about it——but moreover * * *——

Mrs *Wadman*, who had been all the time in her arbour—instantly stopp'd her breath—unpinn'd her mob at the chin, and stood up upon one leg——

The dispute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* for some time; till *Trim* at length recollecting that he had often cried at his master's sufferings, but never shed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my uncle *Toby* would not allow——'Tis a proof of nothing, *Trim*, said he, but the generosity of thy temper——

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (cæteris paribus) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee——or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin——are points which to this day remain unsettled.

Chapter xx.

THE anguish of my knee, continued the corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me: so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides——(Poor soul! said my uncle *Toby*) ——all together, an' please your honour, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had help'd me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropp'd it upon some sugar, and seeing it had cheer'd me, she had given it me a second and a third time——So I was telling her, an' please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on——when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms. She was a good soul! as your honour, said the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your honour (sometimes), that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me: she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself——I found myself in a still quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipp'd in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant (for it was no inn)—so had offer'd her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother *Tom* (here *Trim* wip'd his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for *Lisbon*.——

——I never told your honour that piteous story yet ——here *Trim* wiped his eyes a third time.

The young woman call'd the old man and his wife into the room, to shew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital——Come then! said she, tying up the little purse—I'll be your banker—but as that office alone will not keep me employ'd, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively——that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair conceal'd under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of nuns, an'

please your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in *Flanders*, which they let go loose——By thy description, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, I dare say she was a young *Beguine*, of which there are none to be found any where but in the *Spanish Netherlands*—except at *Amsterdam*——they differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession——I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

——She often told me, quoth *Trim*, she did it for the love of Christ—I did not like it.——I believe, *Trim*, we are both wrong, said my uncle *Toby*—we'll ask Mr *Yorick* about it to-night at my brother *Shandy's* ——so put me in mind; added my uncle *Toby*.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, had scarce given herself time to tell me "she would be my nurse," when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me——and in a short time—though I thought it a long one—she came back with flannels, &c. &c., and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, &c., and made me a thin bason of gruel for my supper—she wish'd me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.——She wish'd me, an' please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made sad disturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her——The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, close by my bedside, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and so

accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour when she left the room: and yet, continued the corporal (making one of the strangest reflections upon it in the world)——

——"*It was not love*"——for during the three weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can honestly say, an' please your honour—that * once.

That was very odd, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*.

I think so too—said Mrs *Wadman*.

It never did, said the corporal.

Chapter xxi.

——But 'tis no marvel, continued the corporal—seeing my uncle *Toby* musing upon it—for Love, an' please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o'*Saturday* night,—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on *Sunday* morning——*It happened so here*, an' please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on *Sunday* in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a sisserara——It burst upon me, an' please your honour, like a bomb——scarce giving me time to say, "God bless me."

I thought, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, a man never fell in love so very suddenly.

Yes, an' please your honour, if he is in the way of it——replied *Trim*.

I prithee, quoth my uncle *Toby*, inform me how this matter happened.

——With all pleasure, said the corporal, making a bow.

Chapter xxii.

I HAD escaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise——there is no resisting our fate.

It was on a *Sunday*, in the afternoon, as I told your honour.

The old man and his wife had walked out——

Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house——

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard——

——When the fair *Beguine* came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well——the inflammation had been gone off for some time, but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it——it only wants rubbing a little, said the *Beguine;* so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger—and presently it was laid flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head, that I should fall in love—I blush'd when I saw how white a hand she had—I shall never, an' please your honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live——

——Not in that place; said my uncle *Toby*——

Though it was the most serious despair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear smiling.

The young *Beguine*, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing for some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length, with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubb'd with her whole hand: I will never say another word, an' please your honour, upon hands again—but it was softer than sattin——

——Prithee, *Trim*, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle *Toby*; I shall hear thy story with the more delight——The corporal thank'd his master most unfeignedly; but having nothing to say upon the *Beguine's* hand but the same over again——he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair *Beguine*, said the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I fear'd her zeal would weary her——"I would do a thousand times more," said she, "for the love of Christ"——In saying which, she pass'd her hand across the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complain'd of, and rubb'd it also.

I perceived, then, I was beginning to be in love——

As she continued rub-rub-rubbing—I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your honour, to every part of my frame——

The more she rubb'd, and the longer strokes she took——the more the fire kindled in my veins——till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest ——my passion rose to the highest pitch——I seiz'd her hand——

——And then thou clapped'st it to thy lips, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*——and madest a speech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle *Toby* described it, is not material;

it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

Chapter xxiii.

AS soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour—or rather my uncle *Toby* for him—Mrs *Wadman* silently sallied forth from her arbour, replaced the pin in her mob, pass'd the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box: the disposition which *Trim* had made in my uncle *Toby's* mind, was too favourable a crisis to be let slipp'd——

——The attack was determin'd upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle *Toby's* having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the picquets, and other military stores which lay scatter'd upon the ground where *Dunkirk* stood—The corporal had march'd—the field was clear.

Now, consider, sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of *Gotham*)—it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs *Wadman's* attack of my uncle *Toby* in his sentry-box, BY PLAN——Now the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the Plan of *Dunkirk*—and the tale of *Dunkirk* a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and besides, could she have gone upon it—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that

of the fair *Beguine's*, in *Trim's* story—that just then, that particular attack, however successful before—became the most heartless attack that could be made——

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs *Wadman* had scarce open'd the wicket-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

——She formed a new attack in a moment.

Chapter xxiv.

——I am half distracted, captain *Shandy*, said Mrs *Wadman*, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box——a mote——or sand——or something ——I know not what, has got into this eye of mine ——do look into it—it is not in the white—

In saying which, Mrs *Wadman* edged herself close in beside my uncle *Toby*, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up——Do look into it —said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-shew-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

——If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature——I've nothing to say to it——

My uncle *Toby* never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from *June* to *January* (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months), with an eye as fine as the *Thracian* *

* *Rodope Thracia* tam inevitabili fascino instructa, tam exactè oculus intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis incidisset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur.——I know not who.

Rodope's beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle *Toby*, to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever *Gallileo* look'd for a spot in the sun.

——In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ——Widow *Wadman's* left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right——there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opake matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine——

——If thou lookest, uncle *Toby*, in search of this mote one moment longer——thou art undone.

Chapter xxv.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye——and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one; However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs *Wadman's* eyes (except once in the next period), that you keep it in your fancy

I protest, Madam, said my uncle *Toby*, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white; said Mrs *Wadman:* my uncle *Toby* look'd with might and main into the pupil——

Now of all the eyes which ever were created—— from your own, Madam, up to those of *Venus* herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head——there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my uncle *Toby* of his repose, as the very eye, at which he was looking——it was not, Madam, a rolling eye——a romping or a wanton one —nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperious —of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle *Toby* was made up——but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations——and soft responses—— speaking——not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse——but whispering soft——like the last low accent of an expiring saint——"How can you live comfortless, captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on——or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye——

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

——It did my uncle *Toby's* business.

Chapter xxvi.

THERE is nothing shews the character of my father and my uncle *Toby*, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment, under the same accident——for I call not love a

"I protest, Madam, I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

misfortune, from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it——Great God! what must my uncle *Toby's* have been, when 'twas all benignity without it.

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very subject to this passion, before he married——but from a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his nature, whenever it befell him, he would never submit to it like a christian; but would pish, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the Devil, and write the bitterest Philippicks against the eye that ever man wrote——there is one in verse upon somebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his rest; which in his first transport of resentment against it, he begins thus:

"A Devil 'tis——and mischief such doth work
As never yet did *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*." *

In short, during the whole paroxism, my father was all abuse and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction——only he did not do it with as much method as *Ernulphus*——he was too impetuous; nor with *Ernulphus's* policy——for tho' my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love——yet never concluded his chapter of curses upon it, without cursing himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and coxcombs, he would say, that ever was let loose in the world.

My uncle *Toby*, on the contrary, took it like a lamb ——sat still and let the poison work in his veins without resistance——in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or discontented word——he blamed neither

* This will be printed with my father's Life of *Socrates*, &c. &c.

heaven nor earth——or thought or spoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he sat solitary and pensive with his pipe——looking at his lame leg ——then whiffing out a sentimental heigh ho! which mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb——I say.

In truth he had mistook it at first; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to save if possible a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor;* which said wood being in full view of my uncle *Toby's* house, and of singular service to him in his description of the battle of *Wynnendale*—by trotting on too hastily to save it ——upon an uneasy saddle——worse horse, &c. &c. . . it had so happened, that the serous part of the blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the nethermost part of my uncle *Toby*——the first shootings of which (as my uncle *Toby* had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the passion—till the blister breaking in the one case—and the other remaining—my uncle *Toby* was presently convinced, that his wound was not a skin-deep wound——but that it had gone to his heart.

Chapter xxvii.

THE world is ashamed of being virtuous——My uncle *Toby* knew little of the world; and therefore when he felt he was in love with widow *Wadman*, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs *Wadman* had given him a cut with a gap'd knife across his finger: Had it been otherwise——yet as he ever

* Mr *Shandy* must mean the poor *in spirit;* inasmuch as they divided the money amongst themselves.

look'd upon *Trim* as a humble friend; and saw fresh reasons every day of his life, to treat him as such—— it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter xxviij.

IN love!——said the corporal—your honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honour the story of the King of *Bohemia—Bohemia!* said my uncle *Toby* - - - - musing a long time - - - What became of that story, *Trim?*

—We lost it, an' please your honour, somehow betwixt us—but your honour was as free from love then, as I am——'twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow——with Mrs *Wadman*, quoth my uncle *Toby*——She has left a ball here—added my uncle *Toby*—pointing to his breast——

——She can no more, an' please your honour, stand a siege, than she can fly—cried the corporal——

——But as we are neighbours, *Trim*,—the best way I think is to let her know it civilly first—quoth my uncle *Toby*.

Now if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ from your honour——

—Why else do I talk to thee, *Trim?* said my uncle *Toby*, mildly——

—Then I would begin, an' please your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return—and telling her civilly afterwards—for if she knows anything of your honour's being in love, before hand ——L—d help her!—she knows no more at present

way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him——'Tis the sporting little filly-folly which carries you out for the present hour —a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddlestick—an uncle *Toby's* siege—or an *any thing*, which a man makes a shift to get a-stride on, to canter it away from the cares and solicitudes of life—'Tis as useful a beast as is in the whole creation—nor do I really see how the world could do without it——

——But for my father's ass————oh! mount him —mount him—mount him—(that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not:—'tis a beast concupiscent—and foul befal the man, who does not hinder him from kicking.

Chapter xxvii.

WELL! dear brother *Toby*, said my father, upon his first seeing him after he fell in love —and how goes it with your Asse?

Now my uncle *Toby* thinking more of the *part* where he had had the blister, than of *Hilarion's* metaphor—and our preconceptions having (you know) as great a power over the sounds of words as the shapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had enquired after the part by its proper name; so notwithstanding my mother, doctor *Slop*, and Mr *Yorick*, were sitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made use of than not. When a man is hemm'd in by two indecorums, and must commit one of 'em—I always observe—let him chuse which he will, the world will blame him—so I should not be astonished if it blames my uncle *Toby*.

My A—e, quoth my uncle *Toby*, is much better—brother *Shandy*—My father had formed great expectations from his Asse in this onset; and would have brought him on again; but doctor *Slop* setting up an intemperate laugh—and my mother crying out L—bless us!—it drove my father's Asse off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge, for some time——

And so the discourse went on without him.

Every body, said my mother, says you are in love, brother *Toby*,—and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, sister, I believe, replied my uncle *Toby*, as any man usually is——Humph! said my father——and when did you know it? quoth my mother——

——When the blister broke; replied my uncle *Toby*.

My uncle *Toby's* reply put my father into good temper—so he charg'd o' foot.

Chapter xxiij.

AS the ancients agree, brother *Toby*, said my father, that there are two different and distinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it—the Brain or Liver——I think when a man is in love, it behoves him a little to consider which of the two he is fallen into.

What signifies it, brother *Shandy*, replied my uncle *Toby*, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children?

——A few children! cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he

forced his way betwixt her's and doctor *Slop's*—a few children! cried my father, repeating my uncle *Toby's* words as he walk'd to and fro——

——Not, my dear brother *Toby*, cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my uncle *Toby's* chair—not that I should be sorry hadst thou a score—on the contrary, I should rejoice—and be as kind, *Toby*, to every one of them as a father—

My uncle *Toby* stole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze——

——Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle *Toby's* hand—so much dost thou possess, my dear *Toby*, of the milk of human nature, and so little of its asperities—'tis piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which resemble thee; and was I an *Asiatic* monarch, added my father, heating himself with his new project—I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy strength—or dry up thy radical moisture too fast—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother *Toby*, which these gymnics inordinately taken are apt to do—else, dear *Toby*, I would procure thee the most beautiful women in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens*, *volens*, to beget for me one subject every *month*——

As my father pronounced the last word of the sentence—my mother took a pinch of snuff.

Now I would not, quoth my uncle *Toby*, get a child, *nolens*, *volens*, that is, whether I would or no, to please the greatest prince upon earth——

——And 'twould be cruel in me, brother *Toby*, to compel thee; said my father—but 'tis a case put to shew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child—in case thou should'st be able—but the system of Love and Marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee right in——

There is at least, said *Yorick*, a great deal of reason and plain sense in captain *Shandy's* opinion of love; and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life, which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract so much——

I wish, *Yorick*, said my father, you had read *Plato*; for there you would have learnt that there are two LOVES—I know there were two RELIGIONS, replied *Yorick*, amongst the ancients——one—for the vulgar, and another for the learned;—but I think ONE LOVE might have served both of them very well—

It could not; replied my father—and for the same reasons: for of these Loves, according to *Ficinus's* comment upon *Velasius*, the one is rational——

——the other is *natural*——

the first ancient——without mother——where *Venus* had nothing to do: the second, begotten of *Jupiter* and *Dione*—

——Pray, brother, quoth my uncle *Toby*, what has a man who believes in God to do with this? My father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his discourse——

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of *Venus*.

The first, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to the desire of philosophy and truth—— the second, excites to *desire*, simply——

——I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, said *Yorick*, as the finding out the longitude——

——To be sure, said my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world——

——In the *house*—my dear, I own—

——It replenishes the earth; said my mother——

But it keeps heaven empty—my dear; replied my father.

——'Tis Virginity, cried *Slop*, triumphantly, which fills paradise.

Well push'd, nun! quoth my father.

Chapter xxxiv.

MY father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn—that if there were twenty people in company—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of 'em against him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one post more untenable than the rest, he would be sure to throw himself into it; and to do him justice, when he was once there, he would defend it so gallantly, that 'twould have been a concern, either to a brave man or a good-natured one, to have seen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor *Slop's* VIRGINITY, in the close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in *Christendom* about *Slop's* ears, when corporal *Trim* came into the parlour to inform my uncle *Toby*, that his thin scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs *Wadman*, would not do; for that the taylor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before—— Then turn them again, brother, said my father, rapidly,

for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair——They are as rotten as dirt, said the corporal——Then by all means, said my father, bespeak a new pair, brother——for though I know, continued my father, turning himself to the company, that widow *Wadman* has been deeply in love with my brother *Toby* for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the same passion, yet now that she has caught him——her fever will be pass'd its height——

——She has gain'd her point.

In this case, continued my father, which *Plato*, I am persuaded, never thought of——Love, you see, is not so much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a man enters, as my brother *Toby* would do, into a *corps*—— no matter whether he loves the service or no——being once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every step to shew himself a man of prowesse.

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, was plausible enough, and my uncle *Toby* had but a single word to object to it—in which *Trim* stood ready to second him——but my father had not drawn his conclusion——

For this reason, continued my father (stating the case over again)—notwithstanding all the world knows, that Mrs *Wadman affects* my brother *Toby*—and my brother *Toby* contrariwise *affects* Mrs *Wadman*, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this self-same tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth.

We have taken our measures badly, quoth my uncle *Toby*, looking up interrogatively in *Trim's* face.

I would lay my *Montero*-cap, said *Trim*——Now *Trim's Montero*-cap, as I once told you, was his constant wager; and having furbish'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—it made the

odds look more considerable——I would lay, an' please your honour, my *Montero*-cap to a shilling—was it proper, continued *Trim* (making a bow), to offer a wager before your honours——

——There is nothing improper in it, said my father —'tis a mode of expression; for in saying thou would'st lay thy *Montero*-cap to a shilling—all thou meanest is this—that thou believest——

——Now, What do'st thou believe?

That widow *Wadman*, an' please your worship, cannot hold it out ten days——

And whence, cried *Slop*, jeeringly, hast thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?

By falling in love with a popish clergywoman; said *Trim*.

'Twas a *Beguine*, said my uncle *Toby*.

Doctor *Slop* was too much in wrath to listen to the distinction; and my father taking that very crisis to fall in helter-skelter upon the whole order of Nuns and *Beguines*, a set of silly, fusty, baggages——*Slop* could not stand it——and my uncle *Toby* having some measures to take about his breeches—and *Yorick* about his fourth general division—in order for their several attacks next day—the company broke up: and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt that and bed-time; he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my uncle *Toby* the following letter of instructions:

MY DEAR BROTHER *Toby*,

WHAT I am going to say to thee is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—tho' not so well for me—that thou hast occasion for a

letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of him who disposes of our lots—and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou should'st have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case————Mrs *Shandy* being now close beside me, preparing for bed——I have thrown together without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee; intending, in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear *Toby*, of the manner in which it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair——though I perceive from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest—yet I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprize, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once at least every four or five days, but oftner if convenient; lest in taking off thy wig before her, thro' absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time——how much by *Trim.*

—'Twere better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it as a sure maxim, *Toby*——

"*That women are timid:*" And 'tis well they are ——else there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose about thy thighs, like the trunk-hose of our ancestors.

——A just medium prevents all conclusions.

Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low soft tone of voice. Silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight secrecy into the brain: For this cause, if thou canst help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over—it will be well: but suffer her not to look into *Rabelais*, or *Scarron*, or *Don Quixote*——

——They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear *Toby*, that there is no passion so serious as lust.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou enterest her parlour.

And if thou art permitted to sit upon the same sopha with her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon hers—beware of taking it——thou canst not lay thy hand on hers, but she will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou canst, quite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her curiosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy Asse continues still kicking, which there is great reason to suppose——Thou must begin, with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient *Scythians*, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the part anointed with the syrup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges——and I believe rightly. But thou must

eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer——nor even foal's flesh by any means; and carefully abstain——that is, as much as thou canst, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens——

As for thy drink—I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion of VERVAIN and the herb HANEA, of which *Ælian* relates such effects—but if thy stomach palls with it—discontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purslane, water-lillies, woodbine, and lettice, in the stead of them.

There is nothing further for thee, which occurs to me at present——

——Unless the breaking out of a fresh war——So wishing every thing, dear *Toby*, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,

WALTER SHANDY.

Chapter xxxv.

WHILST my father was writing his letter of instructions, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal were busy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was laid aside (at least for the present), there was nothing which should put it off beyond the next morning; so accordingly it was resolv'd upon, for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, said my father to my mother—'twill be but like a brother and sister, if you and I take a walk down to my brother *Toby's*——to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle *Toby* and the corporal had been accoutred both some time, when my father and mother enter'd, and the clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to sally forth—but the account of this is worth

more than to be wove into the fag end of the eighth * volume of such a work as this.——My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my uncle *Toby's* coat-pocket——and join with my mother in wishing his attack prosperous.

I could like, said my mother, to look through the key-hole out of *curiosity*——Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father——

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

* Alluding to the first edition.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est.

PLIN. Lib. v. Epist. 6.

Si quid urbaniusculè lusum a nobis, per Musas et Charitas et omnium poëtarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias.

A DEDICATION

TO

A GREAT MAN.

HAVING, *a priori*, intended to dedicate *The Amours of my Uncle Toby* to Mr ***——I see more reasons, *a posteriori*, for doing it to Lord *******.

I should lament from my soul, if this exposed me to the jealousy of their Reverences; because *a posteriori*, in Court-latin, signifies the kissing hands for preferment —or any thing else—in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ******* is neither better nor worse, than it was of Mr ***. Honours, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but Gold and Silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The same good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amusement to Mr * * * when out of place—operates more forcibly at present, as half an hour's amusement will be more serviceable and refreshing after labour and sorrow, than after a philosophical repast.

Nothing is so perfectly *amusement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are so totally different as those of Ministers, and innocent Lovers: for which reason, when I come to talk of Statesmen and Patriots, and set such marks upon them as will prevent confusion and mistakes concerning them for the future—I propose to dedicate that Volume to some gentle Shepherd,

> Whose thoughts proud Science never taught to stray,
> Far as the Statesman's walk or Patriot-way;
> Yet *simple Nature* to his hopes had given
> Out of a cloud-capp'd head a humbler heaven;
> Some *untam'd* World in depths of wood embraced—
> Some happier Island in the watry-waste—
> And where admitted to that equal sky,
> His *faithful Dog* should bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new set of objects to his Imagination, I shall unavoidably give a *Diversion* to his passionate and love-sick Contemplations. In the mean time,

I am

THE AUTHOR.

BOOK IX.

Chapter i.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which severally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle *Toby's* amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curiosity*, as she stated the affair,——or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it ——wished her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

"Call it, my dear, by its right name, quoth my father, and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation——he was however frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his—she

raised her fingers, and let them fall—it could scarce be call'd a tap; or if it was a tap——'twould have puzzled a casuist to say, whether 'twas a tap of remonstrance, or a tap of confession: my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, class'd it right—Conscience redoubled her blow—he turn'd his face suddenly the other way, and my mother supposing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a cross movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herself so far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eye——Confusion again! he saw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself——a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chrystal with all its humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen, at the bottom of it, had it existed——it did not——and how I happen to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes ——Heaven above knows——My mother——madam ——was so at no time, either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts, which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one——And as for my father's example! 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head——Nature had done her part, to have spared him this trouble; and what was not a little inconsistent, my father knew it ——And here am I sitting, this 12th day of *August* 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on, a most tragicomical

completion of his prediction, "That I should neither think, nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account."

The mistake in my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, instead of the act itself; for certainly key-holes were made for other purposes; and considering the act, as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was ———it became a violation of nature; and was so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your Reverences, That key-holes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness, than all other holes in this world put together.

———which leads me to my uncle *Toby's* amours.

Chapter ij.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle *Toby's* great ramallie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The corporal with cheary eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air ——had SPLEEN given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile——it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle

or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Such it was——or rather such would it have seem'd upon any other brow; but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my uncle *Toby's*, assimilated every thing around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had moreover wrote GENTLEMAN with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnish'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffeta became him; and though not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my uncle *Toby* put them on, they became serious objects, and altogether seem'd to have been picked up by the hand of Science to set him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle *Toby's* blue and gold——*had not Quantity in some measure been necessary to Grace:* in a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle *Toby's* life, for he seldom went further than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them; the taking them up at the sleeves, was of no advantage.——They were laced however down the back, and at the seams of the sides, &c., in the mode of King *William's* reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallick and doughty an air with them, that had my uncle *Toby* thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at *sixes and sevens*——

——Yes, Madam,——but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable

the night before, and as there was no alternative in my uncle *Toby's* wardrobe, he sallied forth in the red plush.

The corporal had array'd himself in poor *Le Fever's* regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his *Montero*-cap, which he had furbish'd up for the occasion, march'd three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puff'd out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that in a black leather thong clipp'd into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's stick ——My uncle *Toby* carried his cane like a pike.

——It looks well at least; quoth my father to himself.

Chapter iij.

MY uncle *Toby* turn'd his head more than once behind him, to see how he was supported by the corporal; and the corporal as oft as he did it, gave a slight flourish with his stick—but not vapouringly; and with the sweetest accent of most respectful encouragement, bid his honour "never fear."

Now my uncle *Toby* did fear; and grievously too; he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) so much as the right end of a Woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his ease near any one of them——unless in sorrow or distress; then infinite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone further, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs *Wadman*, he had never looked stedfastly into one;

and would often tell my father in the simplicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy.——

——And suppose it is? my father would say.

Chapter iv.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle *Toby*, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs *Wadman's* door—she cannot, corporal, take it amiss.——

——She will take it, an' please your honour, said the corporal, just as the *Jew's* widow at *Lisbon* took it of my brother *Tom*.——

——And how was that? quoth my uncle *Toby*, facing quite about to the corporal.

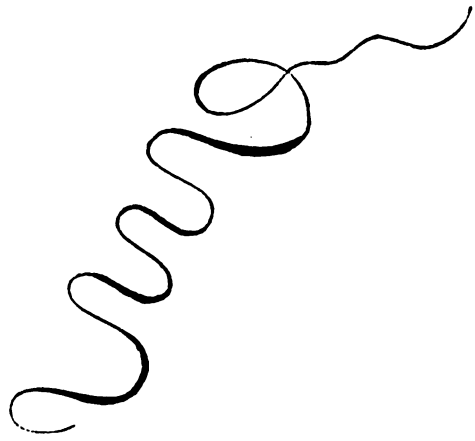
Your honour, replied the corporal, knows of *Tom's* misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any further than this, That if *Tom* had not married the widow——or had it pleased God after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquisition——'Tis a cursed place—added the corporal, shaking his head, —when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your honour, for ever.

'Tis very true; said my uncle *Toby*, looking gravely at Mrs *Wadman's* house, as he spoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be so sad as confinement for life—or so sweet, an' please your honour, as liberty.

Nothing, *Trim*——said my uncle *Toby*, musing——

Whilst a man is free,—cried the corporal, giving a flourish with his stick thus——



A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My uncle *Toby* look'd earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the Spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his story, and in this form of Exorcism, most un-ecclesiastically did the corporal do it.

Chapter b.

AS *Tom's* place, an' please your honour, was easy —and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a *Jew* who kept a sausage shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade——*Tom* thought (as every body in *Lisbon* was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on: so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop—*Tom* set out—counting the matter thus within himself, as he walk'd along; that let the worst come of it that could, he should at least get a pound of sausages for their worth—but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages—but a wife and—a sausage shop, an' please your honour, into the bargain.

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wish'd *Tom* success; and I can fancy, an' please your honour, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o' one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a chearful word for every body he met: ——But alas! *Tom!* thou smilest no more, cried the corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophised him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! said my uncle *Toby*, feelingly.

He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your honour, as ever blood warm'd——

——Then he resembled thee, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, rapidly.

The corporal blush'd down to his fingers ends—a

tear of sentimental bashfulness—another of gratitude to my uncle *Toby*—and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together; my uncle *Toby's* kindled as one lamp does at another; and taking hold of the breast of *Trim's* coat (which had been that of *Le Fever's*) as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling——he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the *Jew's* widow.

Chapter vi.

WHEN *Tom*, an' please your honour, got to the shop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them.——'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle *Toby*—she had suffered persecution, *Trim*, and had learnt mercy——

——She was good, an' please your honour, from nature, as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said *Trim;* and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of *Tom's* story, for it makes a part of it——

Then do not forget, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*.

A negro has a soul? an' please your honour, said the corporal (doubtingly).

I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in things of that kind; but I suppose, God

would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me——

——It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would so; said my uncle *Toby*. Why then, an' please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle *Toby*———

——Only, cried the corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her——

——'Tis that very thing, *Trim*, quoth my uncle *Toby*,——which recommends her to protection—— and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands *now*——where it may be hereafter, heaven knows!——but be it where it will, the brave, *Trim!* will not use it unkindly.

——God forbid, said the corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his story, and went on—— but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself; so giving a stout hem! to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time with his left arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supporting her on the other—the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude, continued his story.

Chapter viij.

AS *Tom*, an' please your honour, had no business at that time with the *Moorish* girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the *Jew's* widow about love——and this pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open cheary-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

There is nothing so awkward, as courting a woman, an' please your honour, whilst she is making sausages ——So *Tom* began a discourse upon them; first, gravely,——"as how they were made——with what meats, herbs, and spices"—Then a little gayly,—as, "With what skins——and if they never burst—— Whether the largest were not the best?"——and so on —taking care only as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under than over;—— that he might have room to act in——

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, said my uncle *Toby*, laying his hand upon *Trim's* shoulder, that Count *De la Motte* lost the battle of *Wynendale:* he pressed too speedily into the wood; which if he had not done, *Lisle* had not fallen into our hands, nor *Ghent* and *Bruges*, which both followed her example; it was so late in the year, continued my uncle *Toby*, and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perish'd in the open field.——

——Why, therefore, may not battles, an' please your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?—My uncle *Toby* mused——

Religion inclined him to say one thing, and his high

idea of military skill tempted him to say another; so not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind—— my uncle *Toby* said nothing at all; and the corporal finished his story.

As *Tom* perceived, an' please your honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had said upon the subject of sausages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them.——First, by taking hold of the ring of the sausage whilst she stroked the forced meat down with her hand——then by cutting the strings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilst she took them out one by one——then, by putting them across her mouth, that she might take them out as she wanted them——and so on from little to more, till at last he adventured to tie the sausage himself, whilst she held the snout.——

——Now a widow, an' please your honour, always chuses a second husband as unlike the first as she can: so the affair was more than half settled in her mind before *Tom* mentioned it.

She made a feint however of defending herself, by snatching up a sausage:——*Tom* instantly laid hold of another———

But seeing *Tom's* had more gristle in it———

She signed the capitulation——and *Tom* sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

Chapter viij.

ALL womankind, continued *Trim*, (commenting upon his story) from the highest to the lowest, an' please your honour, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they chuse to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying, as we do

with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.——

——I like the comparison, said my uncle *Toby*, better than the thing itself——

——Because your honour, quoth the corporal, loves glory, more than pleasure.

I hope, *Trim*, answered my uncle *Toby*, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world ——and particularly that branch of it which we have practised together in our bowling-green, has no object but to shorten the strides of AMBITION, and intrench the lives and fortunes of the *few*, from the plunderings of the *many*——whenever that drum beats in our ears, I trust, corporal, we shall neither of us want so much humanity and fellow-feeling, as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle *Toby* faced about, and march'd firmly as at the head of his company——and the faithful corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coat-skirt as he took his first step ——march'd close behind him down the avenue.

——Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother——by all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs *Wadman* in form, and are marching round her house to mark out the lines of circumvallation.

I dare say, quoth my mother——————But stop, dear Sir——for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion——and what my father did say upon it ——with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented, and descanted upon —or to say it all in a word, shall be thumb'd over by Posterity in a chapter apart——I say, by Posterity— and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of *Moses*, or

the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: Time wastes too fast: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear *Jenny!* than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more——every thing presses on——whilst thou art twisting that lock,——see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.——

——Heaven have mercy upon us both!

Chapter ix.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation ——I would not give a groat.

Chapter x.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twisted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor *Slop* was overthrown by *Obadiah* on the coach-horse: as this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs *Wadman's* house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my uncle *Toby* and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turn'd about——"Let us just stop a moment, quoth my father, and see with what ceremonies my brother *Toby* and his man *Trim*

make their first entry——it will not detain us, added my father, a single minute:"——No matter, if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

——It will not detain us half one; said my father.

The corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother *Tom* and the *Jew's* widow: the story went on—and on——it had episodes in it——it came back, and went on——and on again; there was no end of it——the reader found it very long——

——G— help my father! he pish'd fifty times at every new attitude, and gave the corporal's stick, with all its flourishings and danglings, to as many devils as chose to accept of them.

When issues of events like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

Curiosity governs the *first moment*; and the second moment is all œconomy to justify the expence of the first——and for the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth moments, and so on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of Honour.

I need not be told, that the ethic writers have assigned this all to Patience; but that Virtue, methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which Honour has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries to the end of *Trim's* story; and from thence to the end of my uncle *Toby's* panegyrick upon arms, in the chapter following it; when seeing that instead of marching up to Mrs *Wadman's* door, they both faced about and march'd down the avenue diametrically opposite to his expectation—he [illegible]

once with that little subacid soreness of humour which, in certain situations, distinguished his character from that of all other men.

Chapter xi.

——"NOW what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father - - &c. - - - -

I dare say, said my mother, they are making fortifications——

———Not on Mrs *Wadman's* premises! cried my father, stepping back——

I suppose not: quoth my mother.

I wish, said my father, raising his voice, the whole science of fortification at the devil, with all its trumpery of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, fausse-brays and cuvetts———

——They are foolish things——said my mother.

Now she had a way, which, by the bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow slippers into the bargain, if some of your reverences would imitate—and that was, never to refuse her assent and consent to any proposition my father laid before her, merely because she did not understand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art, upon which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contented herself with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promised for her—but no more; and so would go on using a hard word twenty years together—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenses, without giving herself any trouble to enquire about it.

This was an eternal source of misery to my father, and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done

the most petulant contradiction——the few which survived were the better for the *cuvetts*——

—"They are foolish things;" said my mother.

——Particularly the *cuvetts*; replied my father.

'Tis enough—he tasted the sweet of triumph—and went on.

—Not that they are, properly speaking, Mrs *Wadman's* premises, said my father, partly correcting himself—because she is but tenant for life——

——That makes a great difference—said my mother——

—In a fool's head, replied my father——

Unless she should happen to have a child—said my mother——

——But she must persuade my brother *Toby* first to get her one—

——To be sure, Mr *Shandy*, quoth my mother.

——Though if it comes to persuasion—said my father—Lord have mercy upon them.

Amen: said my mother, *piano*.

Amen: cried my father, *fortissimè*.

Amen: said my mother again——but with such a sighing cadence of personal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father—he instantly took out his almanack; but before he could untie it, *Yorick's* congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one half of his business with it—and my mother telling him it was a sacrament day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The first Lord of the Treasury thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home with a more embarrassed look.

Chapter xij.

UPON looking back from the end of the last chapter, and surveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and the three following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inserted to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a single year: nor is it a poor creeping digression (which but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the business——no; if it is to be a digression, it must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subject too, where neither the horse or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raising powers suitable to the nature of the service: FANCY is capricious—WIT must not be searched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured slut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

——The best way for a man, is to say his prayers——

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects as well ghostly as bodily—for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before—for other purposes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way either moral or mechanical under heaven that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this case: sometimes by addressing myself directly to the soul herself, and arguing the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties——

——I never could make them an inch the wider——

Then by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, soberness,

and chastity: These are good, quoth I, in themselves—they are good, absolutely;—they are good, relatively;—they are good for health—they are good for happiness in this world—they are good for happiness in the next——

In short, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that snivelling virtue of Meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, so you are exactly where you started.

Now in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this——

——Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it public; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself.

——Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

Chapter xiij.

NOW in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise heavily and pass gummous through my pen——

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take

a plumb-lift out of it *for my soul*; so must be obliged to go on writing like a *Dutch* commentator to the end of the chapter, unless something be done——

——I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of snuff, or a stride or two across the room will not do the business for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off; taking care only if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my shirt—put on a better coat—send for my last wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger; and in a word, dress myself from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the devil in hell must be in it, if this does not do: for consider, Sir, as every man chuses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception), and unavoidably sits over-against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.——

——I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being quite shaved away, might be carried up by continual shavings, to the highest pitch of sublimity—How *Homer* could write with so long a beard, I don't know ——and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as little care——But let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (ἐξωτερικὴ πρᾶξις) as he calls it——but he is deceived: the soul and body are joint-sharers in every thing they get: A man cannot dress, but his ideas get cloath'd at the same time; and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented

to his imagination, genteelized along with him—so that he has nothing to do, but take his pen, and write like himself.

For this cause, when your honours and reverences would know whether I writ clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my Laundress's bill, as my book: there was one single month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abus'd, cursed, criticis'd, and confounded, and had more mystic heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

——But their honours and reverences had not seen my bills.

Chapter xiv.

AS I never had any intention of beginning the Digression I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the 15th chapter——I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper—— I have twenty this moment ready for it——I could write my chapter of Button-holes in it——

Or my chapter of *Pishes*, which should follow them——

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in case their reverences have done with them——they might lead me into mischief: the safest way is to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing, tho' I declare beforehand, I know no more than my heels how to answer them.

And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of

thersitical satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with——(and by the bye, whoever says so, is indebted to the muster-master general of the *Grecian* army, for suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouth'd a man as *Thersites* to continue upon his roll——for it has furnish'd him with an epithet)——in these productions he will urge, all the personal washings and scrubbings upon earth do a sinking genius no sort of good——but just the contrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this, I have no other answer——at least ready ——but that the Archbishop of *Benevento* wrote his *nasty* Romance of the *Galatea*, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waistcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance set him of writing a commentary upon the book of the *Revelations*, as severe as it was look'd upon by one part of the world, was far from being deem'd so, by the other, upon the single account of that *Investment*.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is its want of universality; forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature excludes one half of the species entirely from its use: all I can say is, that female writers, whether of *England*, or of *France*, must e'en go without it———

As for the *Spanish* ladies——I am in no sort of distress——

Chapter xv.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of "How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!"

For in talking of my digression——I declare before heaven I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal man! said she.

'Tis very true, said I——but 'twere better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my uncle *Toby*.

Chapter xvi.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about and marched up straight to Mrs *Wadman's* door.

I warrant your honour; said the corporal, touching his *Montero*-cap with his hand, as he passed him in order to give a knock at the door——My uncle *Toby*, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshal'd his ideas; he wish'd for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door—he hem'd twice—a portion of my uncle *Toby's* most modest spirits fled, at each expulsion, towards the corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. *Bridget* stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumb'd with expectation; and Mrs *Wadman*, with

an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! said my uncle *Toby*——but as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and *Trim* let fall the rapper.

My uncle *Toby* perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it———whistled Lillabullero.

Chapter xvii.

AS Mrs *Bridget's* finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as perchance your honour's taylor——I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine, some five and twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience——

——But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a cursed thing to be in debt; and there seems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no Economy can bind down in irons: for my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or small upon earth, more desirous in his heart of keeping straight with the world than I am ——or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea——or walk with boots—— or cheapen tooth-picks——or lay out a shilling upon a band-box the year round; and for the six months I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale, that with all the good temper in the world, I outdo *Rousseau*, a bar length———for I keep neither man or boy, or horse, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a Vestal (to keep

my fire in), and who has generally as bad an appetite as myself——but if you think this makes a philosopher of me——I would not, my good people! give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy——but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling Lillabullero.

——Let us go into the house.

Chapter xx.

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——You shall see the very place, Madam; said my uncle *Toby*.

Mrs *Wadman* blush'd——look'd towards the door ——turn'd pale——blush'd slightly again——recover'd her natural colour——blush'd worse than ever; which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I translate thus——

"*L—d! I cannot look at it——*
What would the world say if I look'd at it?
I should drop down, if I look'd at it—
I wish I could look at it——
There can be no sin in looking at it.
——I will look at it."

Whilst all this was running through Mrs *Wadman's* imagination, my uncle *Toby* had risen from the sopha, and got to the other side of the parlour door, to give *Trim* an order about it in the passage——

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——I believe it is in the garret, said my uncle *Toby*——I saw it there, an' please your honour, this morning, answered *Trim*——Then prithee, step directly for it, *Trim*, said my uncle *Toby*, and bring it into the parlour.

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but most chearfully obeyed them. The first was not an act of his will—the second was; so he put on his

Montero-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My uncle *Toby* returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sopha.

——You shall lay your finger upon the place—said my uncle *Toby*.——I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs *Wadman* to herself.

This requires a second translation:—it shews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we must go up to the first springs.

Now in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavour to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your foreheads—blow your noses—cleanse your emunctories—sneeze, my good people!——God bless you——

Now give me all the help you can.

Chapter xxi.

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in——as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers: then by discourse, enquiry, argumentation, and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one——and if she has——then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, she further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which *Slawkenbergius* impresses this upon the reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex, will not suffer me to quote it——otherwise it is not destitute of humour.

"She first, saith *Slawkenbergius*, stops the asse, and holding his halter in her left hand (lest he should get away) she thrusts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier to search for it—For what?—you'll not know the sooner, quoth *Slawkenbergius*, for interrupting me——

"I have nothing, good Lady, but empty bottles;" says the asse.

"I'm loaded with tripes;" says the second.

——And thou art little better, quoth she to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hose and pantofles—and so to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one through the whole string, till coming to the asse which carries it, she turns the pannier upside down, looks at it—considers it—samples it—measures it—stretches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and weft of it.

——Of what? for the love of Christ!

I am determined, answered *Slawkenbergius*, that all the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast.

Chapter xxij.

WE live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles—and so 'tis no matter ——else it seems strange, that Nature, who makes every thing so well to answer its destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that whether she designs for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature she models, be it but an asse's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay——or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking; by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand——or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other——or whether this great Artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigences *of that part* of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*——or that her Ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do——I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose——but rather against it; since with regard to my uncle *Toby's* fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better: she had formed him of the best and kindliest clay—— had temper'd it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit——she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane——she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it, for the communication of the tenderest offices ——she had moreover considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained——

And accordingly * * * * * *
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The DONATION was not defeated by my uncle *Toby's* wound.

Now this last article was somewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs *Wadman's* brain about it; and like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my uncle *Toby's* Virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles*, *tripes*, *trunk-hose*, and *pantofles*.

Chapter xxiij.

MRS *Bridget* had pawn'd all the little stock of honour a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible *postulata* in nature: namely, that whilst my uncle *Toby* was making love to her mistress, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her——"*And I'll let him as much as he will*, said *Bridget, to get it out of him.*"

Friendship has two garments; an outer and an under one. *Bridget* was serving her mistress's interests in the one—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other: so had as many stakes depending upon my uncle *Toby's* wound, as the Devil himself——Mrs *Wadman* had but one—and as it possibly might be her last (without discouraging Mrs *Bridget*, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have look'd into his hand——there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had——with such an unmistrusting ignorance of the *ten-ace*——and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sopha with widow *Wadman*, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

Chapter xxiv.

—— AND the story too—if you please: for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had

to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the story for me that will—I see the difficulties of the descriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at least to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining, it may be more in the serous or globular parts of the blood, than in the subtile *aura* of the brain——be it which it will —an Invocation can do no hurt——and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me according as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE Spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of my beloved CERVANTES; Thou who glided'st daily through his lattice, and turned'st the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness by thy presence——tinged'st his little urn of water with heaven-sent nectar, and all the time he wrote of *Sancho* and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his wither'd stump,* and wide extended it to all the evils of his life———

——Turn in hither, I beseech thee!——behold these breeches!——they are all I have in the world——that piteous rent was given them at *Lyons*———

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has happen'd amongst 'em—for the laps are in *Lombardy*, and the rest of 'em here—I never had but six, and a cunning gypsey of a laundress at *Milan* cut me off the *fore*-laps

* He lost his hand at the battle of *Lepanto*.

of five—To do her justice, she did it with some consideration—for I was returning out of *Italy*.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box which was moreover filch'd from me at *Sienna*, and twice that I pay'd five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at *Raddicoffini*, and a second time at *Capua*—I do not think a journey through *France* and *Italy*, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe: there must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the duce should we get into vallies where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment.—'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your suppers and bed—at the most they are but one shilling and ninepence halfpenny——who would embroil their philosophy for it? for heaven's and for your own sake, pay it——pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Disappointment* sitting drooping upon the eye of your fair Hostess and her Damsels in the gate-way, at your departure——and besides, my dear Sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each of 'em worth a pound——at least I did——

——For my uncle *Toby's* amours running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own——I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good-will; and felt the kindliest harmony vibrating within me, with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; every thing I saw or had to do with, touch'd upon some secret spring either of sentiment or rapture.

——They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them

more distinctly——'Tis *Maria*, said the postillion, observing I was listening——Poor *Maria*, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow utter'd this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to *Moulins*——

——And who is *poor Maria?* said I.

The love and piety of all the villages around us; said the postillion——it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did *Maria* deserve, than to have her Banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them——

He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again——they were the same notes;——yet were ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation——she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor *Maria* taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where *Maria* was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk-

net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side——she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her——

——God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,——but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, MARIA made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

MARIA look'd wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat——and then at me——and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately——

——Well, *Maria*, said I softly——What resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *Beast* man is,——that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever *Rabelais* scatter'd——and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days——and never ——never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them——I believe, there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, *Maria!*—adieu, poor hapless damsel!——

I sprang out of the chaise to help her.

some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips——but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walk'd softly to my chaise.

———What an excellent inn at *Moulins!*

Chapter xxv.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour—— I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers and throwing it with all my violence to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it——

——That whatever resemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or for aught I know may be now writing in it—that it was as casual as the foam of *Zeuxis* his horse; besides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it*, with respect; and considering what worse things there are in the world——That it is no way a proper subject for satire———

——Why then was it left so? And here without staying for my reply, shall I be called as many blockheads, numsculs, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninnyhammers, goosecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and sh- - t-a-beds——and other unsavoury appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of *Lernè* cast in the teeth of King *Garangantan's* shepherds——And I'll let them do it, as *Bridget* said, as much as they please; for how was it possible they should foresee the necessity I was under

of writing the 25th chapter of my book, before the 18th, &c. ?

———So I don't take it amiss——All I wish is, that it may be a lesson to the world, "*to let people tell their stories their own way.*"

The Eighteenth Chapter.

AS Mrs *Bridget* opened the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle *Toby's* introduction into the parlour, was so short, that Mrs *Wadman* had but just time to get from behind the curtain——lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a step or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle *Toby* saluted Mrs *Wadman*, after the manner in which women were saluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and thirteen——then facing about, he march'd up abreast with her to the sopha, and in three plain words ——though not before he was sat down——nor after he was sat down———but as he was sitting down, told her, "*he was in love*"——so that my uncle *Toby* strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs *Wadman* naturally looked down, upon a slit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my uncle *Toby* would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and Love moreover of all others being a subject of which he was the least a master——When he had told Mrs *Wadman* once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my uncle *Toby's*, as he falsely called it, and would

often say, that could his brother *Toby* to his process have added but a pipe of tobacco——he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a *Spanish* proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle *Toby* never understood what my father meant; nor will I presume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under——but the *French*, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it, almost as much as the REAL PRESENCE, "*That talking of love, is making it.*"

———I would as soon set about making a black-pudding by the same receipt.

Let us go on: Mrs *Wadman* sat in expectation my uncle *Toby* would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on one side or the other, generally becomes indecent: so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing, as she did it——she took up the gauntlet——or the discourse (if you like it better) and communed with my uncle *Toby*, thus:

The cares and disquietudes of the marriage state, quoth Mrs *Wadman*, are very great. I suppose so—said my uncle *Toby:* and therefore when a person, continued Mrs *Wadman*, is so much at his ease as you are—so happy, captain *Shandy*, in yourself, your friends and your amusements—I wonder, what reasons can incline you to the state———

——They are written, quoth my uncle *Toby*, in the Common-Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle *Toby* went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs *Wadman* to sail upon the gulph as she pleased.

——As for children—said Mrs *Wadman*—though a principal end perhaps of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parent—yet do not

we all find, they are certain sorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear sir, to pay one for the heart-achs—what compensation for the many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suffering and defenceless mother who brings them into life? I declare, said my uncle *Toby*, smit with pity, I know of none; unless it be the pleasure which it has pleased God——

A fiddlestick! quoth she.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

NOW there are such an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents with which the word *fiddlestick* may be pronounced in all such causes as this, every one of 'em impressing a sense and meaning as different from the other, as *dirt* from *cleanliness*—That Casuists (for it is an affair of conscience on that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs *Wadman* hit upon the *fiddlestick*, which summoned up all my uncle *Toby's* modest blood into his cheeks—so feeling within himself that he had somehow or other got beyond his depth, he stopt short; and without entering further either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my uncle *Toby* had said this, he did not care to say it again; so casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs *Wadman* had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him—which was

the siege of *Jericho*—he set himself to read it over—leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent or a loosener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buckthorn, or any one drug which nature had bestowed upon the world—in short, it work'd not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before——Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire still in the subject——allons.

Chapter xxvi.

IT is natural for a perfect stranger who is going from *London* to *Edinburgh*, to enquire before he sets out, how many miles to *York*; which is about the half way——nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and asks about the corporation, &c. - -

It was just as natural for Mrs *Wadman*, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a Sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in the one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read *Drake's* anatomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into *Wharton* upon the brain, and borrowed * *Graaf* upon the bones and muscles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reason'd likewise from her own powers——laid down theorems——drawn consequences, and come to no conclusion.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor *Slop*,

* This must be a mistake in Mr *Shandy*; for *Graaf* wrote upon the pancreatick juice, and the parts of generation.

"if poor captain *Shandy* was ever likely to recover of his wound——?"

——He is recovered, Doctor *Slop* would say——

What! quite?

Quite: madam——

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs *Wadman* would say.

Doctor *Slop* was the worst man alive at definitions; and so Mrs *Wadman* could get no knowledge: in short, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle *Toby* himself.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind which lulls SUSPICION to rest——and I am half persuaded the serpent got pretty near it, in his discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she should have boldness to hold chat with the devil, without it ——But there is an accent of humanity——how shall I describe it?—'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-surgeon.

"——Was it without remission?—

"——Was it more tolerable in bed?

"——Could he lie on both sides alike with it?

"—Was he able to mount a horse?

"—Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were so tenderly spoke to, and so directed towards my uncle *Toby's* heart, that every item of them sunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themselves——but when Mrs *Wadman* went round about by *Namur* to get at my uncle *Toby's* groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterscarp, and *pêle mêle* with the *Dutch* to take the counterguard of St *Roch* sword in hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent——

Heaven! Earth! Sea!—all was lifted up—the springs of nature rose above their levels—an angel of mercy sat besides him on the sopha—his heart glow'd with fire—and had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every heart of them to Mrs *Wadman*.

—And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs *Wadman*, a little categorically, did you receive this sad blow? ——In asking this question, Mrs *Wadman* gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my uncle *Toby's* red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my uncle *Toby* would lay his forefinger upon the place——It fell out otherwise——for my uncle *Toby* having got his wound before the gate of St *Nicolas*, in one of the traverses of the trench opposite to the salient angle of the demibastion of St *Roch*; he could at any time stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him: this struck instantly upon my uncle *Toby's* sensorium——and with it, struck his large map of the town and citadel of *Namur* and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board, by the corporal's aid, during his long illness ——it had lain with other military lumber in the garret ever since, and accordingly the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My uncle *Toby* measured off thirty toises, with Mrs *Wadman's* scissars, from the returning angle before the gate of St *Nicolas*; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her shade—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes—forbid her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs *Wadman!*

——For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee——but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an

insult in disguise, and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress—let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn'd critic *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

Chapter xxvij.

MY uncle *Toby's* Map is carried down into the kitchen.

Chapter xxviij.

—— AND here is the *Maes*—and this is the *Sambre;* said the corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map and his left upon Mrs *Bridget's* shoulder—— but not the shoulder next him—and this, said he, is the town of *Namur*—and this the citadel—and there lay the *French*—and here lay his honour and myself—— and in this cursed trench, Mrs *Bridget*, quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which crush'd him so miserably *here.*——In pronouncing which, he slightly press'd the back of her hand towards the part he felt for——and let it fall.

We thought, Mr *Trim*, it had been more in the middle,——said Mrs *Bridget*——

That would have undone us for ever—said the corporal.

——And left my poor mistress undone too, said *Bridget.*

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs *Bridget* a kiss.

Come—come—said *Bridget*—holding the palm of

her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the least wart or protuberance——'Tis every syllable of it false, cried the corporal, before she had half finished the sentence——

—I know it to be fact, said *Bridget*, from credible witnesses.

———Upon my honour, said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing, as he spoke, with honest resentment—'tis a story, Mrs *Bridget*, as false as hell——Not, said *Bridget*, interrupting him, that either I or my mistress care a halfpenny about it, whether 'tis so or no———only that when one is married, one would chuse to have such a thing by one at least——

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs *Bridget*, that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the corporal instantly * * * * *
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Chapter xxix.

IT was like the momentary contest in the moist eye-lids of an *April* morning, "Whether *Bridget* should laugh or cry."

She snatched up a rolling-pin——'twas ten to one, she had laugh'd——

She laid it down——she cried; and had one single tear of 'em but tasted of bitterness, full sorrowful would the corporal's heart have been that he had used the argument; but the corporal understood the sex, a *quart major to a terce* at least, better than my uncle

Toby, and accordingly he assailed Mrs *Bridget* after this manner.

I know, Mrs *Bridget*, said the corporal, giving her a most respectful kiss, that thou art good and modest by nature, and art withal so generous a girl in thyself, that, if I know thee rightly, thou would'st not wound an insect, much less the honour of so gallant and worthy a soul as my master, wast thou sure to be made a countess of——but thou hast been set on, and deluded, dear *Bridget*, as is often a woman's case, "to please others more than themselves——"

Bridget's eyes poured down at the sensations the corporal excited.

——Tell me——tell me, then, my dear *Bridget*, continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her side,——and giving a second kiss——whose suspicion has misled thee?

Bridget sobb'd a sob or two——then open'd her eyes——the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron——she then open'd her heart and told him all.

Chapter xxx.

MY uncle *Toby* and the corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the *Maes* or the *Sambre*.

My uncle *Toby*, on his side, had presented himself every afternoon in his red and silver, and blue and gold alternately, and sustained an infinity of attacks in

them, without knowing them to be attacks—and so had nothing to communicate——

The corporal, on his side, in taking *Bridget*, by it had gain'd considerable advantages——and consequently had much to communicate——but what were the advantages——as well as what was the manner by which he had seiz'd them, required so nice an historian, that the corporal durst not venture upon it; and as sensible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bareheaded and without laurels for ever, than torture his master's modesty for a single moment——

——Best of honest and gallant servants!——But I have apostrophiz'd thee, *Trim!* once before——and could I apotheosize thee also (that is to say) with good company——I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

Chapter xxvi.

NOW my uncle *Toby* had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himself upon his finger ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs *Wadman's* perfections one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle finger——Prithee, *Trim!* said he, taking up his pipe again,——bring me a pen and ink: *Trim* brought paper also.

Take a full sheet——*Trim!* said my uncle *Toby*, making a sign with his pipe at the same time to take a chair and sit down close by him at the table. The corporal obeyed——placed the paper directly before him——took a pen, and dipp'd it in the ink.

—She has a thousand virtues, *Trim!* said my uncle *Toby*———

Am I to set them down, an' please your honour? quoth the corporal.

——But they must be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle *Toby;* for of them all, *Trim*, that which wins me most, and which is a security for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and singular humanity of her character—I protest, added my uncle *Toby*, looking up, as he protested it, towards the top of the cieling——That was I her brother, *Trim*, a thousand fold, she could not make more constant or more tender enquiries after my sufferings——though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle *Toby's* protestation, but by a short cough—he dipp'd the pen a second time into the inkhorn; and my uncle *Toby*, pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the top of the sheet at the left hand corner of it, as he could get it——the corporal wrote down the word

HUMANITY - - - - thus.

Prithee, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, as soon as *Trim* had done it———how often does Mrs *Bridget* enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou received'st at the battle of *Landen?*

She never, an' please your honour, enquires after it at all.

That, corporal, said my uncle *Toby*, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit—— That shews the difference in the character of the mistress and maid——had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs *Wadman* would have enquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times——She would have enquired, an' please your honour, ten times as often about your honour's groin ——The pain, *Trim*, is equally excruciating,——and

Compassion has as much to do with the one as the other——

——God bless your honour! cried the corporal—— what has a woman's compassion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man's knee? had your honour's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of *Landen*, Mrs *Wadman* would have troubled her head as little about it as *Bridget;* because, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and speaking very distinctly, as he assigned his reason——

"The knee is such a distance from the main body ——whereas the groin, your honour knows, is upon the very *curtain* of the *place.*"

My uncle *Toby* gave a long whistle——but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire——in three words he told the rest——

My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been spun from the unravellings of a spider's web———

———Let us go to my brother *Shandy's*, said he.

Chapter xxxij.

THERE will be just time, whilst my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* are walking to my father's, to inform you that Mrs *Wadman* had, some moons before this, made a confident of my mother; and that Mrs *Bridget*, who had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to *Susannah* behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about——but *Susannah* was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you

could possibly have, in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to *Jonathan*——and *Jonathan* by tokens to the cook as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen-fat to the postillion for a groat, who truck'd it with the dairy maid for something of about the same value——and though whisper'd in the hay-loft, FAME caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the house-top—In a word, not an old woman in the village or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my uncle *Toby's* siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.——

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis, by which means never man crucified TRUTH at the rate he did——had but just heard of the report as my uncle *Toby* set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to *Yorick*, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by——not only, "That the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was lust;" but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of *Adam*, down to my uncle *Toby's* (inclusive), was owing one way or other to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my uncle *Toby* entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father's eloquence rekindled against the passion——and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth——as soon as my uncle *Toby* was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

Chapter xxxiii.

——THAT provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted and godlike a Being as man—I am far from denying—but philosophy speaks freely of every thing; and therefore I still think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a passion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the soul backwards——a passion, my dear, continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, which couples and equals wise men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like satyrs and four-footed beasts than men.

I know it will be said, continued my father (availing himself of the *Prolepsis*), that in itself, and simply taken ——like hunger, or thirst, or sleep——'tis an affair neither good or bad—or shameful or otherwise.—— Why then did the delicacy of *Diogenes* and *Plato* so recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof—the congredients—the preparations—the instruments, and whatever serves thereto, are so held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, translation, or periphrasis whatever?

——The act of killing and destroying a man, continued my father, raising his voice—and turning to my uncle *Toby*—you see, is glorious—and the weapons by which we do it are honourable——We march with them upon our shoulders——We strut with them by our sides——We gild them——We carve them ——We in-lay them——We enrich them——Nay, if it be but a *scoundrel* cannon, we cast an ornament upon the breach of it.—

——My uncle *Toby* laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet——and *Torick* was rising up to batter the whole hypothesis to pieces——

——When *Obadiah* broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The case was this:

My father, whether by ancient custom of the manor, or as impropriator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a Bull for the service of the Parish, and *Obadiah* had led his cow upon a *pop-visit* to him one day or other the preceding summer——I say, one day or other—because as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's housemaid——so one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore when *Obadiah's* wife was brought to bed—*Obadiah* thanked God——

——Now, said *Obadiah*, I shall have a calf: so *Obadiah* went daily to visit his cow.

She'll calve on *Monday*—on *Tuesday*—on *Wednesday* at the farthest——

The cow did not calve——no—she'll not calve till next week——the cow put it off terribly——till at the end of the sixth week *Obadiah's* suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the Bull.

Now the parish being very large, my father's Bull, to speak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himself, somehow or other, thrust into employment—and as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

——Most of the townsmen, an' please your worship, quoth *Obadiah*, believe that 'tis all the Bull's fault——

——But may not a cow be barren? replied my father, turning to Doctor *Slop*.

It never happens: said Dr *Slop*, but the man's wife

may have come before her time naturally enough—— Prithee has the child hair upon his head?—added Dr *Slop*———

——It is as hairy as I am; said *Obadiah*.—— *Obadiah* had not been shaved for three weeks—— Wheu - - u - - - - u - - - - - - - - cried my father; beginning the sentence with an exclamatory whistle ——and so, brother *Toby*, this poor Bull of mine, who is as good a Bull as ever p—ss'd, and might have done for *Europa* herself in purer times——had he but two legs less, might have been driven into Doctors Commons and lost his character——which to a Town Bull, brother *Toby*, is the very same thing as his life———

L—d! said my mother, what is all this story about?——

A COCK and a BULL, said *Yorick*——And one of the best of its kind, I ever heard.

THE END.

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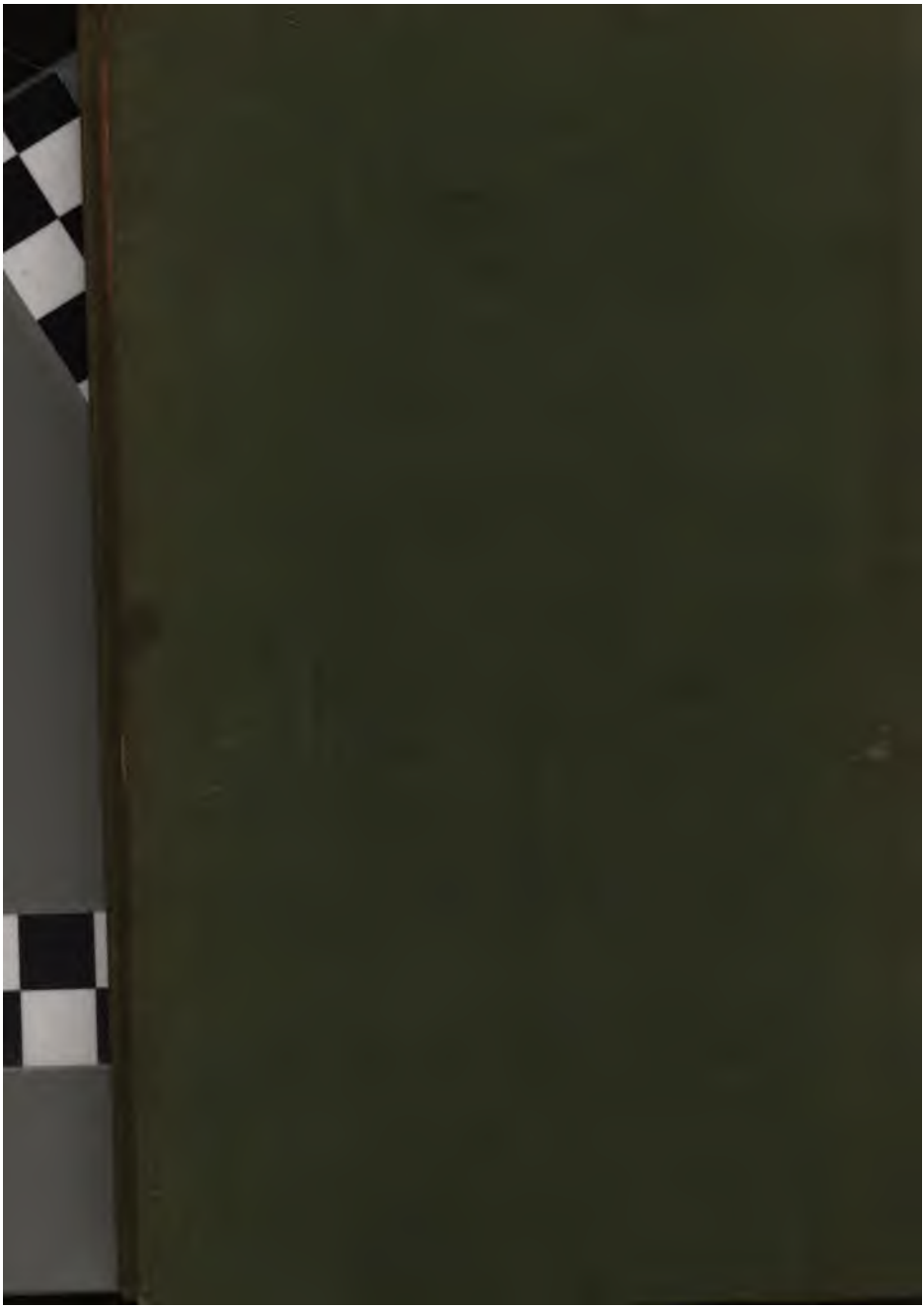
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